

# The Listener

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# The Listener

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## Man in the Cosmos

By VISCOUNT SAMUEL, O.M.

THE prevailing frame of mind of the present generation—at all events in the Western World—is clouded by pessimism. I think that almost everyone—whether he sympathizes with it, or deplores it—would agree that that is the case. I should like to argue, in this last talk, that there may be less justification for it than we sometimes think.

That there are some good reasons for pessimism cannot be denied. The two world wars, and the Cold War still, with its terrible risks; the ever-growing armaments of the Great Powers, especially the nuclear bomb, threatening to poison the whole atmosphere of our planet; to this, many would add a weakening of religious faith, and a lowering of moral standards; with the daily catalogue in the newspapers—reported on the instant from every quarter of the globe—of riots, revolts, outrages, hideous murders and other crimes of brutal violence, famines, floods, air disasters—all this casts over our civilization a dark shadow of pessimism. One of our leading historians, G. M. Trevelyan, speaks of this era as 'the fall of European civilization'.

All this is not new. There have been such phases of opinion before and they have passed away. The stoic philosophy of the Roman Empire, for instance, holding that life is something to be endured, not enjoyed; or the asceticism and detachment of medieval Christianity. But there is one new and important difference between the pessimism of the ancient world, or of what have rightly been called the dark ages, and the pessimism of today.

In the present age, science is predominant. And in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries science was accepted by the intellectual world as assuring material progress and greater happiness through wider knowledge. But now it is different. Among the consequences of the scientific discoveries, some are

seen to have brought new evils and the threat of unlimited disaster. There are even some who say that the world would be better and happier if modern science had never arisen. We find a mood of apprehension, of alarm, even of despair. But as an over-all view of the present situation and the prospects of the future, I think this is as wrong as wrong can be.

Let us consider some of the reasons that may account for this attitude. In the first place, the aspect of the universe now given by astronomy is frightening. We know that the universe includes millions of galaxies, like the Milky Way of which the solar system is part, each with millions of stars, and possibly planets. Sir James Jeans—whose books popularizing science had great influence—drew the conclusion that 'Man must reconcile himself to the position of the inhabitant of a speck of dust, and adjust his views on the meaning of life accordingly'. This seems to me an entirely false conception. From the philosopher's point of view, size is not what matters. Our measurements of size are arbitrary, and relative to ourselves. Nature knows nothing of our standards of distance large and small, or of time long or short. That we should feel 'humble' because we are so much smaller than a galaxy would be as absurd as if we were to be puffed up with pride because each of us is so much bigger than an electron, in about the same proportion. It is not material bigness or smallness that is significant, but the range of mind—and, for us, of the human mind. Not humility because our planet is but as a speck of dust and our bodies infinitesimal in relation to the cosmic vastness, but rather a pride and an exaltation that our minds can transcend it—that is our right demeanour.

But astronomy has brought us another nightmare besides that. To quote Jeans again, he gave to the first chapter of another of



his books the title *The Dying Sun*. In it he states, as the definite teaching of science, that our sun, like all the incandescent stars, is a wasting asset. It is continuously diffusing into space at a prodigious rate, immense quantities of its initial stock of energy; the process has an enormous time still to run, but the end is inevitable. Bertrand Russell quotes from Jeans: 'With universes as with mortals, the only possible life is progress to the grave'; and he adds that 'from such depressing conclusions' he himself 'sees no escape'.

Nevertheless, further investigations have shown that what was regarded not long ago as an established fact is now found perhaps to be a false conclusion. The new nuclear physics has discovered that a countervailing process may be going on all the time. As fast as the sun's heat is being dissipated in space, it may be that the fusion, at enormously high temperatures, of pairs of hydrogen atoms—the same process that makes the hydrogen bomb possible—may be replenishing it. So the nightmare that man and all his works, and all forms of life on this planet, and ultimately everywhere else as well, are doomed to an inevitable end, passing through universal cold and darkness to eternal death—that is now found, possibly or even probably, to have been too hasty an assumption. So that the spirit of man need no longer feel itself oppressed by this one, at all events, of the sources that have been at the root of the philosophy of pessimism.

### Optimists and Pessimists

The next point arises from the acceptance of the theory of evolution. No scientists, and few well-informed laymen, would wish now to challenge the main principle of Darwinism, that of natural selection, with its 'struggle for existence' and 'survival of the fittest'. But one conclusion that has often been drawn from it, and still is, may rightly be challenged. At first, indeed, evolution was regarded as a powerful reinforcement for the optimists. Admittedly cruel in its method, it was welcomed as beneficent in its results. The individual might suffer, but in the long run this was of benefit to the species: it was a guarantee of the automatic progress of all forms of life to ever higher levels. But it is now realized that that is not so. For in the millions of years of evolution, as many kinds of plants and animals have declined and suffered extinction as are still surviving today. Further, in the sphere of world history it was too hastily assumed that wars between nations also played a part in the evolutionary process; that they led in the end to the predominance of the more efficient and courageous peoples and therefore to the progress of mankind. But there is, in fact, no resemblance at all between the wars among nations and the biological struggle for existence; and when it comes, as now, to indiscriminate slaughter of tens of thousands, perhaps even millions, of people by nuclear bombs, the idea that war can be justified by such an argument is seen to be sheer nonsense. So it is currently believed by some people today that we are left with a 'nature red in tooth and claw', essentially cruel and callous. So far at all events the pessimists are on firm ground.

But that is not the end of the argument. To stop there would be to accept a complete misrepresentation of the facts of the case. To argue that conflict, struggle, death and elimination is the only, or even the main, mechanism of the evolutionary process at any biological level is to ignore opposite factors that are obvious all round us, and in the life of every one of us. Co-operation is not less essential to animal existence than conflict, and it is prior.

When the pessimist calls upon us to denounce Nature as callous and cruel, without mind, morality, or purpose, let us pause for a moment and ask what meaning we are giving to 'Nature'. In ordinary talk we are accustomed to speak of Man confronted by Nature; of Man sitting in judgment on something outside himself: and it is useful to have some word which can be used to express that idea. But such a differentiation is arbitrary and unphilosophical. When we take the universe as a whole it knows nothing of any such division. Man is himself a part of nature.

A. E. Housman, the author of *The Shropshire Lad*—a fine poet but the arch-pessimist of English literature—wrote of the hard fate of Man,

( For nature, heartless witless nature,  
Will neither care nor know.

But this is not really so. Man is himself the organ of nature

which does bring heart and wit, which knows, at least partly, and does deeply care.

A present-day philosopher is nearer the truth when he tells us that we are not reduced to a choice between two opposing views—either that the world is ruled by superior powers, by 'essential destiny', or else that it is irrational, a gamble, governed by a mere wheel of chance. There is a third possibility: that *we* may introduce reason into it. Throughout animal nature, the care for mate and offspring, the family with its mutual aid; within human civilization, the whole vast structure of institutions for promoting the general welfare, the instinct of sympathy, the emotion of love—all these are as much a part of the evolutionary process as self-assertion, competition, and the failure of some as the price of success for others. Let me add a reference to the tremendous efforts now being made to meet the rapid increase in world population by a vast increase in food production, through irrigation and better husbandry, and the improving wealth of the cultivators in what have been the backward regions. Biologists will agree with this: they will tell us that co-operation no less than conflict has helped man to survive. But, more than this, they will tell us that man's conscious choice has become a factor in evolution. In other words, we must realize as an essential factor that men, by their own decisions, affect the course of their own evolution.

It is true that, when we come to the conclusion of the whole matter, we cannot fail to see, as the main feature in the existing world situation, the possibility of war. If men have not learnt their twice-taught lesson, if indeed the world is to be devastated by another general war, or perhaps by a whole series of them, then, indeed, we must look to a future when all our hopes and plans must fail. Therefore our efforts in all countries, through all creeds and philosophies and political schools, must be to secure the elimination of war—not this war or that war, but war itself—from among the accepted institutions of the civilized world. But if we can suppose that the time may come when we may be able to survey the human situation relieved from that obsession, then no ground would be left for pessimism. For when we try to view the cosmic process as a whole; when we envisage the birth of the worlds, the history of our planet, the coming of man, the growth of civilization; when we take account of the value of human freedom, individual self-reliance, the moral law; and when we look round and see the achievements of science and art, and the profusion of simple things that make people happy—then, indeed, it seems a perverse folly to contend that the evil in the world outweighs the good.

*This is the last of four talks broadcast in the General Overseas Service entitled 'Looking to the Future'*

*The B.B.C. Handbook for 1959 has been published (price 5s.). In the words of the Chairman, Sir Arthur Forde, the handbook 'is intended to be a concise and reliable guide' to the B.B.C. Apart from a general survey of the constitutional position of the B.B.C. and its finances, there are chapters surveying the work of each of the principal activities of different divisions within the Corporation. There are many photographs, one being a view of the Queen opening Parliament as televised in October, another showing the Prime Minister being interviewed in 'Press Conference', the first occasion on which a British Prime Minister had taken part in a popular television programme.*

## THE LISTENER NEXT WEEK

will contain a new short story by

Seán O'Faoláin

a new poem by

Dame Edith Sitwell

and personal reminiscences by

E. M. Forster

on the occasion of his eightieth birthday



# The Temper of Post-war Japan

C. P. FITZGERALD reflects on a recent visit

IN the days of the Anglo-Japanese Alliance, British writers were fond of comparing the two allies: island states off the shores of the great Eurasian continent, sea-faring folk, staunchly monarchical; and, furthermore, as many then thought, living under a similar social system, semi-aristocratic but hedged around with what were then thought to be democratic safeguards. Events revised many of these opinions, but in point of fact there still remains a basic, geographical resemblance in the situation of Britain and Japan, and in certain events in the history of the two countries. Japan, like England, strove for many years to carve out an empire on the mainland, profiting, like England in the period of the Hundred Years' War, from the temporary weakness of her great continental neighbour. Like that of England, Japan's enterprise failed and all was lost. Fortunately for Japan this failure was more sudden and complete than the long-drawn-out decline of the English fortunes in France.

There, indeed, all resemblance ends, for the temper of post-war Japan is very different from that of Tudor England; if a parallel in Western experience must be found, it is closer to the spirit of post-Napoleonic France, the France of the first half of the nineteenth century. Japan today has renounced the dream of empire and the expectation of military glory; the task which the occupation authorities undertook with some doubts as to its lasting success, the work of demilitarization, both materially and spiritually, has succeeded beyond the most enthusiastic expectations. It has indeed succeeded all too well for the contemporary policy of the nations which in 1945 believed that all that was necessary to secure peace in the Pacific was to disarm Japan.

The provision which General MacArthur himself wrote into the new Japanese Constitution, by which war was forever renounced and military forces forever eschewed, has proved to be the most popular and durable feature of that imposed Constitution. Now that America would like to see this too utopian clause revised, and Japan rendered a more effective ally in the Cold War, the parties of the left, in this

undoubtedly gaining national backing not given to the rest of their programmes, refuse to provide the two-thirds majority in the Diet by which the Constitution can be legally altered. Various evasions, the creation of defence forces which are in fact naval, military and air forces in embryo, meet with much disapproval

and are carefully scrutinized by a wary public opinion. No matter rouses so great and so unanimous support, bridging all parties, than the opposition to further testing of atomic and nuclear weapons. How, ask the foreign doubters—and in Australia at least these are still numerous—can a nation alter its outlook, its traditions, and its ideals so radically and so swiftly?

The answer to this question lies perhaps in consideration of a wider view of Asia than is afforded by Japan alone. In the whole of this big region of the world the ancient systems and the old traditions are in process of transition and destruction. In some instances this process is violent and revolutionary, in others relatively peaceful and evolutionary, but everywhere change is swift and fundamental. Japan, before the war, was in some respects a modern state, far in advance of her rivals on the mainland of Asia. Her industrialization was advanced, her communications improved, her technical ability high. But her social and political system had not evolved as swiftly as her economy or her war potential. The restoration of the

Emperor Meiji in 1870 had indeed abolished the old feudal system and eliminated the picturesque features of the Shogun's Court, but the two-sworded Samurai became officers in the Imperial Army and Navy, the Daimyos became peers in the new Diet, the social and political system remained fundamentally aristocratic, militarist, and authoritarian.

For Japan the real revolution was provided by the American victory and the occupation after the war. Since this event was accepted by the Emperor's command, and his throne was preserved, since no armed opposition was offered to the occupation, and the admirable discipline of the Japanese people reduced incidents between the inhabitants and the occupying forces to a minimum, the fact that the occupation was



Ceremonial swords from Japanese barracks and military colleges being broken up for scrap during 'demilitarization' after the war



Demonstration in Tokyo against the testing of nuclear weapons



in itself a great revolution has been largely obscured and ignored. It would, in fact, still be a rather unpopular idea to suggest that America had been one of the main agents in promoting the revolution which now engulfs so much of Asia. Yet, in Japan, this is precisely true. The occupation was a revolution politically, for, if it did not dethrone the dynasty, it altered the character of the monarchy, transformed the Constitution, and removed the power of the military. Socially, it was also a revolution since it finally destroyed the influence and power of the old aristocracy and the descendants of the Samurai. In their stead there have risen two classes, the rich and the bourgeois on one side, the workers and the peasants on the other. Politics in Japan today is a straight fight between conservatives and socialists without the intervention of extraneous, undercover, and occult forces such as the 'young officers' provided in pre-war Japan.

The Japanese revolution, called the occupation, has thus had the effect of stripping away the archaic and traditional features of Japanese society which had carried over, under various disguises, from the feudal age. It has left Japan still with her modern, industrial economy, swiftly restored by a hard-working people no longer burdened with the need to pay for armaments. Since the revolution which the occupation brought about was accomplished without bloodshed or violence, there is less aftermath of bitterness, no organized party seeking to restore the former system (even if, for party purposes, the socialist opposition often finds it useful to accuse their conservative opponents of just such an intention). But no one seriously believes that the charge is just; the Japanese conservative party resembles others of the same name and character in being much concerned to preserve and foster the growth of the capitalist economy; it dislikes and opposes the policies of its socialist rivals because these might be bad for business. It clearly thinks that trade unions are all very well provided they keep out of politics, but it also recognizes that in post-occupation Japan the masses must earn a decent living, poverty must be relieved, the social discontent dissipated by spreading the fruits of prosperity.

As these fruits can be garnered only if Japan's foreign trade increases and holds its markets, many of the conservatives and their supporters among business men are disturbed and alarmed by the trend of international politics in the Pacific. On the one hand they are impatient to open up a wider-trade with China, and resent American pressure to prevent this developing; on the other hand they are still more alarmed by the mounting evidence that China is not only a market but also a formidable competitor. The socialist opposition accuses the government of ineptness in its handling of China, and implies that this failure is a consequence of too much subservience to the policies of the United States. The conservatives are more sensitive to this charge than they would like to appear; they are in consequence adopting foreign policies which are manifestly not in strict accordance with those of the United States, and that these policies are adopted largely for internal reasons would seem probable.

In the Lebanon and Iraq crisis Japan did not support the Western Allies; not only the press, but also the government disapproved of the landings in Lebanon and Jordan. In the recent crisis in the Formosa straits the attitude of government and public was less clear cut. On the one hand all felt that it was really very aggravating of the Chinese to rouse this sleeping dog at such a time, and the spectacle of China adopting methods which pre-war Japan had made familiar provoked the sad head-shaking of the reformed

character. On the other hand the people of Japan are conscious that the situation created by the Chinese Nationalist holding of the off-shore islands of Quemoy and Matsu is one which no nation would tolerate for long, and which they themselves find hard to accept when it comes to the similar problem of the islands of the Habomai group and Kunashiri. These are occupied by Russia and lie only a few miles from the port of Nemuro in Hokkaido, the most northerly of the main islands of Japan.

Japanese also feel real alarm at the possibility that America may be edged into a war with China over these unimportant islands, and that under the present treaty of alliance American troops and aircraft based in Japan might be employed in warlike activity against China. This could lead to Chinese retaliation and to the involvement of Japan. Such a prospect is a nightmare to the Japanese, and not least to the party in power today. There is at present little prospect of the socialist opposition winning an election for some years to come, unless they were provided with the kind of issue which would move a large number of voters to

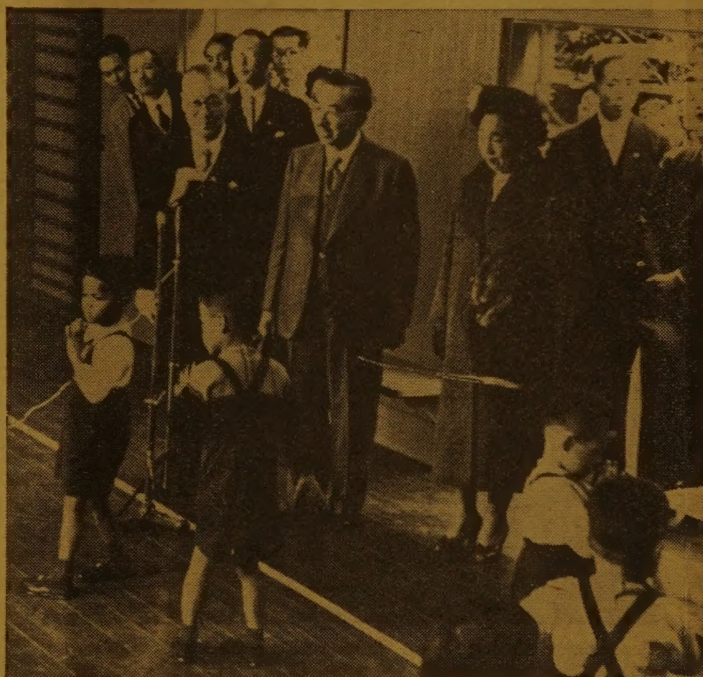
change their allegiance. Japanese involvement in a war as a consequence of the American alliance would be such an issue, and the socialist party would grasp it with both hands.

So the press, the government, and the public all hope against hope that somehow or other the Chinese can be appeased, or at least will not take it out on Japan if they are not appeased; and while few really think that Chiang can be induced to move out of the offshore islands, or that America will put pressure on him to do so, every hint that this might happen is eagerly welcomed as a ray of hope. On the more practical side, Mr. Fujiyama, the Foreign Minister, has been sent to Washington to negotiate a revision of the treaty of alliance with America. Japan wishes to obtain the right to be consulted on, and therefore to object to, the use of the American forces stationed in Japan if the proposed employment of these forces is likely to prejudice

Japanese security or involve the country in hostilities. It will be interesting to see what success the Foreign Minister obtains, for his objective is one which would, if achieved, make a profound change in the American strategy of containing communism. If the American forces in Japan are never to be used except to defend Japan itself, then they might as well go home. No communist régime would be so foolish as to involve these forces if they are harmlessly neutralized by a new treaty with Japan.

Americans, moreover, will certainly soon ask what are they doing there; cannot the Japanese defend themselves? Why should they have it both ways, at America's expense? On the other hand, there can be no doubt that both the government and people of Japan are serious in their request and attach much importance to obtaining the revised treaty they ask for. If the government fails to get it, the opposition will be quick to claim that they would do better with a less kid-glove approach. The public may agree with them. Chinese activity at Quemoy lends point and urgency to the question, and since the Chinese objective is to disrupt the alliance between Japan and America, it is by no means unlikely that the bombardment of Quemoy had this target, among others, in view.

Japan, although inescapably in Asia, is in many ways not of Asia, not at least of the Asia which is now passing away. Japan was able to modernize her economy and advance her industry in the age when capitalism was the unchallenged way to achieve these ends; and capitalism is now firmly established, has done the job, and the people are profiting from the advantages of a higher standard of living and a diversified economy. The occupation got



'The occupation was a revolution . . . for it altered the character of the monarchy': the Emperor of Japan, accompanied by the Empress, visiting an orphanage



rid of an out-of-date social and political system, which the disciplined and loyal Japanese might have tolerated for several generations had not occupation provided a relatively painless solution for this problem. Freed of what was her last heritage from the ancient Asian past, Japan can take her place among the ranks of the modern states without regret and without second thoughts. But she must still live in Asia, even if she is now more in tune with the democracies of Western Europe. For Japan, Asia means China first and India second. With China the relationship is old and intimate, compounded of admiration and hostility, imitation and repulsion. Like the cone of Mount Fuji, the Chinese and Japanese cultures come closer together at the top, and diverge as the two slopes trend away. In art and literature the affinity remains close, in religion differences are more marked, in government divergence has grown wide, in the customs of daily life the resemblances are slight, and in the basic social systems of the two countries, at the foot of the slope, they are very far apart.

If this was so in the days when both countries were unmodernized, it has become more than ever true with the changes of recent years. Japan is capitalist, and even if the opposition came to power it is most unlikely that violent revolution would be their policy. China has adopted the communist solution for her problem of delayed industrialization and modernization; it is equally unlikely that the Chinese will go back on this choice in the foreseeable future. Japan has renounced her colonial and imperialist ambitions; many people fear that China may have inherited them in new guise. Japanese culture today is closely linked with that of the West, particularly Western Europe. China has broken such links and seeks to forge others, with Eastern Europe. Yet in matters of trade the two countries remain complementary, even if

also rivals. However rapid the industrialization of China may be, she could still for many years use Japanese products, machinery, and skills. Japan may be settled in the capitalist camp, but she must export if that system is to work, and mainland China must always be the largest market in her range.

Realization of these truths has brought many Japanese to look at India, to see whether the Indian solution for similar problems may not offer Japan a way out. India is also a capitalist and a democratic state, but her relations with China are friendly; in consequence India is not so close to the United States as Japan, but many Japanese see no harm in that. India believes that war should be avoided at almost any cost, and pursues 'a policy of non-alignment'. Japan, dearly wishing for 'non-involvement', finds this programme attractive. Could Japan take the Indian road, and so ease herself out of too close a relationship with the United States without becoming subservient to the communist bloc? It is a policy which many Japanese, perhaps most of the opposition supporters, would favour. It is also a policy with which the conservative government of the day seems inclined to experiment.

So, after all, the British advocates of the old Anglo-Japanese Alliance were not so far wrong, or rather time has made them more right than they knew. Britain and Japan are still the island fortresses off the coast of Eurasia; they are still quietly but conservatively monarchical; they are now both really governed by similar political parties, opposed by rivals of nearly identical outlook, and their social systems have grown more alike as a consequence of wars. Finally, they both must export to live, and China is a great market for both of them, so their policies in respect of that country diverge from their ally, the United States, and are developing on similar lines.—*Third Programme*

## The Professional Classes in East Germany

A survey compiled by the B.B.C. Foreign News Department

THE standard of living offered to professional men in East Germany—doctors, dentists, lawyers, teachers in schools and universities, and the rest—is at least comparable with what they could expect in the Federal Republic or elsewhere in the West. There are also plenty of opportunities for outstanding men to earn large sums. The state regulations allow for salaries of more than £10,000 a year: and cases are known of men who are paid as much as £30,000. Senior members of the government are unceasingly telling professional men and intellectuals how important they are to the state. Because of this importance a few outstanding ones can still speak with some freedom; although only on matters that immediately concern them, and provided they express a general loyalty to the state.

For all this, more professional men are escaping to the West. In the first ten months of this year 827 doctors came over, as against 296 in the whole of last year. The proportion of professional people and their families in the stream of refugees is twice as high as for the rest of the East German population. Relatively few professional men can gain by escaping; but they leave East Germany all the same. The reasons why they are driven to escape are various; sometimes they emphasize the feeling that the régime has made their work impossible. Immediately he escaped this August, the Rector of Jena University, Professor Haemel, said:

I fled to the West because Communist pressure on scholars has become intolerable. I did not want, as Rector, to be guilty of turning such a great school into a so-called socialist institution, completely foreign to academic life.

Others speak of their loathing of the régime in more general terms, or of its pressure on their class. Professor Kantorowitz, of the Humboldt University in East Berlin, when he escaped referred to the stifling of freedom of thought, the spiritual enslavement of the intelligentsia, and the endless flood of untruths being poured out in East Germany. Professor Felix, a well-known

East German surgeon, put it like this when he wrote in the Communist newspaper *Sonntag*, in June of this year:

In the press and in Communist Party official circles there are remarks that, to us who are concerned, are bound to seem disparaging of middle-class thinking, and to degrade the middle class to a second-rank category. At a political and scientific meeting when I got into discussion with a Soviet surgeon and expressed my opinion calmly and soberly, the newspaper said next day: 'Professor Felix is a typical example of the tremendous educational job we still have before us'.

The authorities take this educational task seriously. But its main object is not to convert men of Professor Felix's seniority to communism. It is, in effect, to produce a new middle class—to rear a generation unaffected by past attachments to any other form of society or government. This is made clear in the Politburo statement at the fifth Communist Party Congress this July:

The task of the universities and colleges is to train a new intelligentsia that is closely linked to the workers' and peasants' state. The study of Marxism-Leninism is to be made compulsory except for theological faculties. Students must be trained to respect physical work and the working class.

The universities are being given no choice but to conform in this process. A year ago the senior permanent official in the Department for Advanced Education, Dr. Girus, gave this warning:

It must be made quite clear that all those scholars who publicly take a stand against our state and its leading party, or who try to influence the student body accordingly, will be removed from our universities.

That there are some who take such a stand, among both the staff and the students of universities and colleges, was admitted by the First Secretary of the East German Communist Party, Herr Ulbricht, in a speech at Halle in April. He spoke of the



unrest that was caused by 'our enemies in the universities'.

Universities do not exist in a vacuum... convinced of socialism. The ruling circles in West Germany, to whom the existence of our Democratic Republic is a thorn in the flesh, are interested in preventing the scientific and technical training of our young people. They are out to turn the universities into a trouble-spot for the workers' and peasants' state.

The authorities consider coercion and physical force as useful in intellectual matters outside the universities, too. This is the somewhat abstract way in which Dr. Girnus advanced this proposition in March:

Bourgeois ideology must be eliminated from the fields of literature, fine art, music, and science. It would be wrong and merely idealistic to think that this process can only be carried out by intellectual means. Without the effective use of the organized material power of society, the new ideas of this society cannot find their proper expression or become a governing force. If socialist culture is really to become the dominating culture, then there must be an interlocking of the intellectual forces of socialist society and the power of the socialist state.

### Pressures on the Individual

The exact way in which the pressures of living in a Communist state are felt varies from profession to profession, and from individual to individual. But many of the common factors were summed up by Professor Felix at a discussion in June which was attended by the East German Prime Minister, Herr Grotewohl:

The feeling that in their everyday work they are under continuous pressure to make them accept beliefs they do not share.

Their own Christian belief, and their preference for confirmation as against youth consecration.

The exclusion of their children from grammar schools.

Refusal to grant them passes to travel to West Germany, and the belittling of the importance of journeys to attend conferences outside East Germany.

Selection of junior doctors for appointments by lay authorities on grounds that have nothing to do with medicine.

Insinuations that doctors hold bourgeois, out-of-date, reactionary opinions.

This kind of attitude makes them depressed, so that their urge to go to the West seems understandable.

But this sense of pressure in day-to-day work is felt even more strongly in some other professions. This is especially true of scientific research workers, who are continually having the Communist theory of dialectical materialism thrust on them, both as a technique and as a lesson they must teach. The party's attitude was stated uncompromisingly in February by Herr Hager, a secretary of its central committee:

If a few scientists who do not belong to the party ask the question whether the party has the right to meddle in higher education matters—as they call it—we must answer them that the party not only has the right but that it is the party's duty to do so.

There are many scientists in East Germany who are unable to accept this idea. One of them is Professor Mothes, of Halle University. At a meeting in April, and in the presence of Herr Ulbricht, he openly challenged the Communist Party's right to impose its doctrines on research workers:

In order to achieve great things we scientists must, so to speak, question everything. Progress in science consists in questioning past theories. But when we are constantly told that the laws of Mendel are wrong; that the universe is boundless because Engels has said so, and the physicists are wrong when they say that the universe is not boundless, I must answer that we scientists can only exist if we question everything. We attack not only the belief in a creation, but also Engels's thesis that the universe is boundless.

We need professors with the courage to go their own ways in certain cases. I often wonder whether in the present situation at our universities, men like Karl Marx and Engels would be able to express their views. They used strong arguments. Today other people always know better than we do about everything. A kind of scholasticism is gaining ground in our universities, which is detrimental to all scientific development.

There is a second, much more difficult problem: we have not only to concern ourselves with research, but must train students. Recently it has been repeatedly said that the professor was to undertake this education of the students, that is, the education of dialectical materialism. For many this presents a very serious problem. The Deputy Prime Minister [Herr Ulbricht] said that he was not opposed to a physicist using dialectical methods in his physics and, off duty, going to church on Sundays. The problem is not so simple, and you must concede that the professors, who take life seriously, see a conflict, a serious conflict, in the demands made upon them.

What makes the problem so serious is that many professors are not able to understand that socialism is identical with atheism. For them socialism is not identical with atheism. What are these professors to do? You may think that in three or four years' time the professors will have changed their minds. I do not believe they will.

Today we are levelling everything. The professors are living in a permanent state of unrest.

Judges and lawyers are given even more specific instructions than the scientists as to how the tenets of dialectic materialism should be expressed in their work. That they should need instruction at all is perhaps surprising, since nine out of ten judges and magistrates in East Germany are professing Communists. However, this is what the June issue of the official legal magazine, *New Justice*, had to say:

That there should have been serious shortcomings in the treatment of criminal acts, involving calumny of progressive citizens and insults against the state, reveals that some judges and prosecutors evade the inner meaning of the class struggle. For instance, prosecutors and judges do not ask themselves what lies behind an attack on a member of the people's police, but instead ask themselves whether—in the case concerned—the policeman has acted rightly. They may have adopted Marxist-Leninist doctrine, but they do not apply it in their daily work.

Teachers seem to be in the most exposed position of all. Perhaps that is why more than 2,300 of them have already escaped this year. The way in which they are called on to expound Marxist theories in their work was illustrated by a proclamation in March on the formation of the German Historians' Society:

Historians and teachers of history must show: first, that the existence of our people necessitates a pitiless struggle against imperialism, militarism, neo-fascism and their ideologies; and, second, that the future of the whole of Germany lies with socialism.

### Mistrust of Grammar Schools

The demand for complete conformity in education has often been heard in East Germany this year. It was repeated at Halle in April by Herr Ulbricht, but with the qualification that it has by no means been achieved:

Young people in grammar schools have lived so far isolated from the building of socialism, and many teachers at the grammar schools spread reactionary ideas and do not fight sufficiently against reactionary influences from the West. The most important thing, therefore, is to create a completely socialist system of education. . . . Workers' children have been neglected for years past, and this form of revisionism also expressed itself in the reactionary bourgeois theory of an élite.

That last phrase—'the reactionary bourgeois theory of an élite'—helps to explain why East German Communist leaders mistrust the grammar schools. This mistrust goes so far that early this summer Herr Ulbricht attacked one of them by name—the Grey Cloister in East Berlin. It was founded more than 700 years ago, and Bismarck was one of its pupils. A Communist youth brigade sent to investigate the school found that when a teacher was dismissed for political reasons, money was collected to give him a farewell present. Moreover, pupils only wore their Communist youth badges during lessons; when these were over, they pinned on the badge of the Protestant youth movement. More than a quarter of the boys of school-leaving age were escaping to the West. The Grey Cloister has been re-named High School Number 2, several of its teachers have been removed, and its main language is now Russian instead of Latin.



But the education authorities are now trying to bring, not merely individual schools, but the whole educational system into line, through a scheme for what is called polytechnical education. As part of this, since September, children of about thirteen and over have been spending a day a week in factories or on farms. The authorities also demand that pupils at grammar schools should spend a year in industry before they go on to universities.

East German educational policy seems to have several objectives. Besides the direct effort at political indoctrination—which is illustrated in the teaching contained in school text-books, even for young children—there also appears to be an intention to change the system so that the academic qualifications it offers will be less acceptable in the West. But, more important for East Germany's social structure, this policy aims deliberately, first, at blurring, and finally at doing away completely with the present distinctions between the professional middle class and the rest. Since the German middle class has, for more than a century, been notably conscious of its own position and identity, this is no easy matter. So the authorities, early this year, began deliberately to cut down the numbers of middle-class children to be allowed a higher education.

The boards that finally select university candidates include functionaries of the Communist Party and the Communist youth movement. There is evidence that their rules are devised to reward those who co-operate with the authorities, whatever their class. For instance, the child of a doctor in private practice would be looked on as middle class; but if the doctor were in the state health service, the child would be considered as working class.

This year about one in every eight doctors in East Germany will have escaped—enough doctors to serve 2,000,000 people. It was this, probably more than anything else, that led the Communist Party to change its policy towards the professional classes this September. An effort was made to put the blame on faulty administration rather than on policy. On September 18, Professor Lemnitz, of the department for higher education, said of the working of new regulations for universities:

Something that was well meant was carried out in a typically bureaucratic manner which, from the very start, hampered and confused the creative initiative of scientists and undermined their confidence in the policy of the party and the government.

This is not the only instance of off-hand treatment of our scientists. Quite a number of ordinances have been issued recently in the same thoughtless and bureaucratic manner, and they have had a directly discouraging and detrimental effect.

The same day, a communiqué from the Communist Party Politburo made the same point:

The health and higher education authorities have admitted distortions of the decision of the fifth party congress, particularly in the treatment of doctors in private practice and the younger generation of scientists, which made it easier for the West German Nato propagandists to confuse a number of doctors and medical staff, and so made them flee to the West . . .

The sending of delegations to scientific congresses and scientifically valuable meetings abroad, must be safeguarded.

The Politburo believes there is enough room at grammar schools and universities for the children of doctors and other members of the intelligentsia.

The Politburo thinks it necessary to point out that doctors, dentists, and chemists with private practices can continue in them without restriction.

By voting with their feet, as it were, the refugees had compelled the government to make concessions. Whether fewer professional men will escape because of them is an open question. The numbers coming out have fallen since September—but this may be due simply to the usual seasonal decrease at this time of year. And the proportion of middle-class refugees in the stream arriving in the West stays higher than it was last year. Moreover, in mid-October a Secretary of the Communist Party central committee thought it necessary to restate more forcibly what the Politburo had said. He declared that it was intolerable that the training of children of the intelligentsia should be neglected. Significantly, he also promised that any doctor who returned from the West would be given a job again—and that senior doctors at any rate would be reinstated at their former level.

In mid-September Herr Grotewohl said:

We approach with understanding the intelligentsia that has been brought up under a bourgeois social order, and their efforts to find right relationships with dialectical materialism and our social order.

From the young intelligentsia, for whom our socialist system made it possible to study and train, we expect a clear allegiance to the socialist cause.

But many of the young people Herr Grotewohl spoke of are not showing this allegiance. Of the teachers who escaped to the West this year, two-thirds had done their entire training since 1945—that is, under communism. And the proportion of these young refugees is growing rapidly. More than this, the middle class is apparently being perpetuated in East Germany in a way completely contrary to Marxist expectation. It has been admitted that children of the working class—even after thirteen years of Communist rule—are still being divorced from it simply by being given higher education.

—From 'The Communist View' (Third Programme)

## Friday's Child

(In memory of Dietrich Bonhoeffer, martyred at Flossenbug, April 9, 1945)

He told us we were free to choose  
But, children as we were, we thought  
Paternal Love will only use  
Force in the last resort

On those too bumptious to repent:  
Accustomed to religious dread,  
It never crossed our minds He meant  
Exactly what He said.

Perhaps He frowns, perhaps He grieves,  
But it seems idle to discuss  
If anger or compassion leaves  
The bigger bangs to us.

What reverence is rightly paid  
To a Divinity so odd  
He lets the Adam whom He made  
Perform the Acts of God?

It might be jolly if we felt  
Awe at this Universal Man  
(When kings were local, people knelt):  
Some try to, but who can?

The self-observed observing Mind  
We meet when we observe at all,  
Is not alarming or unkind  
But utterly banal:

Though instruments at Its command  
Make wish and counter-wish come true,  
It clearly cannot understand  
What It can clearly do.

Since the analogies are rot  
Our senses based belief upon,  
We have no means of learning what  
Is really going on,

And must put up with having learned  
All proofs or disproofs that we tender  
Of His existence are returned  
Unopened to the sender.

Now, did He really break the seal  
And rise again? We dare not say:  
But conscious unbelievers feel  
Quite sure of Judgment Day.

Meanwhile, a silence on the cross,  
As dead as we shall ever be,  
Speaks of some total gain or loss,  
And you and I are free

To guess from the insulted face  
Just what appearances He saves  
By suffering in a public place  
A death reserved for slaves.

W. H. AUDEN



# The Listener

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## Christmas 1958

WE print today the last of Lord Samuel's four talks, broadcast originally in the General Overseas Service, on the theme 'Looking to the Future'. In his talk Lord Samuel comes to the conclusion that there is perhaps less justification for the pessimism which is so prevailing a frame of mind for the present generation than we in the West sometimes think. Some of his readers may well be reminded of the conversation which Dr. Johnson had with an old fellow-collegian of Oxford days, Oliver Edwards, on Good Friday, 1778. They had not seen one another for forty-nine years; and in running over some parts of his experience in life, Edwards was prompted to say: 'You are a philosopher, Dr. Johnson. I have tried too in my time to be a philosopher; but, I don't know how, cheerfulness was always breaking in'.

Surveying the international scene, no one in the West can pretend that the prospects are cheerful, but they are certainly no gloomier on the eve of a Christmas holiday than they were a year ago. It is refreshing, also, that after the startling discoveries of science of the last few months about the nature of the physical world, the faith of Christian churchmen and philosophers is rekindled rather than dimmed at this time of Christian rejoicing in the birth of our Lord. In the B.B.C.'s Home Service, the end of the scientific Reith Lectures by Professor Lovell happens to have been overlapped by the start of four talks for Advent given by the Rev. J. V. Langmead Casserley. In the third of these, which we now publish, Mr. Langmead Casserley explains that however deep the advances made in either science or philosophy are, we can never really know or understand everything. 'The real world', he says, 'is God's world'. This would seem likely to be a convincing enough line of reasoning to satisfy Christians, whatever remarkable new discoveries are shortly to be made about the origins of the universe or the sort of conditions which prevail outside the earth's atmosphere or even on other planets. Stage-by-stage knowledge is finite; God is always infinite. An equally strong appeal for Christians is contained in the single word *credo*: 'I believe'. For believers it really does not matter how wonderful or surprising are the discoveries of science; so long as men believe in God they accept the fact that all the mysteries of science are within the comprehension of God.

These theological reasonings are not just irritating casuistry of language employed by churchmen in the twentieth century, their tongues sharpened by nearly two thousand years of argument for or against the views of such brilliant men (in their different way) as Kant or Berengar of Tours. They are opinions which reveal as never before the strength of the Christian tradition. For Christians this week, in Britain or wherever they may be, Christmas Day can once again be a time of rejoicing and new hope. This is so despite the feast having in recent decades become overlaid with customs which have more to do with Teutonic folk-lore or even the old Roman 'Saturnalia' festival than with Christianity. For unbelievers or people of different religious persuasion, these customs—Christmas tree, crackers, presents, holly and all—may seem to be the significant part of the day. But for everyone alike the good thing about each of these habits is that they belong to the spirit of Christmas, which is one of generosity and good neighbourliness and the message that God cares for all mankind.

## What They Are Saying

Foreign broadcasts on world affairs

ON DECEMBER 17 a Peking transmission broadcast a resolution issued by the Central Committee of the Chinese Communist Party, after a twelve-day meeting, which amounted to an ideological *volte-face* in regard to the 'People's Communes'. A Central Committee directive last August had stated that the introduction of the communes would complete the building of socialism 'ahead of time, and promote the gradual transition to communism', which was already 'not far away'. The central committee resolution on December 17 said that this had been a 'misunderstanding'. It spoke of impetuous people 'overreaching' themselves and of 'utopian concepts that could not possibly succeed'. The resolution made clear that before communism could be achieved, the process of completing socialism, coupled with industrialization of the country, would take twenty years or more. Because of misgiving on the part of bourgeois-minded intellectuals in the cities, the setting up of communes in urban areas on a large scale was being opposed, although—according to the statement—99 per cent. of the peasant population of China had now been recruited into the communes and were co-operating 'with enthusiasm'.

The central committee resolution approved as a 'completely positive proposal' Mr. Mao Tse-tung's decision to give up his chairmanship of the state, as this would enable him to concentrate on 'dealing with questions of the direction, policy and line of the party and state'. It went on:

He may also be enabled to set aside more time for Marxist-Leninist theoretical work, without affecting his continued leading role in the work of the state. . . . He will remain the leader of the entire people.

It added that if necessary he could resume his duties as chairman of the state, and stressed that this move should be widely explained so that 'there may be no misunderstanding'. Dealing with the 'great leap forward' movement, the resolution reported industrial production targets for 1959 greatly in excess of this year's output, and added that to carry out the 1959 plan, it was necessary to

persist in putting politics in command, rely on the masses, follow the mass line and organize mass movements in the work of construction. . . . All partial and local interests must be subordinated to the interests of the whole.

On December 7, Peking radio had reported a speech by Mr. Chen Yi, the Foreign Minister, at a banquet, in which he replied to the charges made by both Mr. Dulles and President Tito about the communes. Mr. Dulles, he said, had alleged that the communes represented a 'backward system of mass slavery'; in fact, they aimed at 'organization on a greater scale . . . for the realization of a happy tomorrow', and facilitated the 'emancipation of the human personality'.

On December 16, Moscow radio took five hours to broadcast the text of Mr. Khrushchev's report to the Central Committee of the Soviet Communist Party on agricultural policy. He said that because agricultural policy had departed from Leninist principles, shortcomings had by 1953 threatened the economy of the Soviet State. From 1948-53 there had been no increases in the output of cereals and milk and the average production of meat was below pre-war level. As for the last five years:

We cannot but mention the anti-party group of Malenkov, Kaganovich, Molotov, Bulganin, and Shepilov. One's tongue revolts at referring to these persons as 'comrades'. . . . This group bitterly opposed reorganization of the administration of industry . . . and stubbornly resisted measures most important for agriculture, thereby delaying the country's economic progress.

The Nato Council meeting in Paris and the situation in Berlin continued to be an important subject of comment. According to a Moscow radio analysis of the Western communiqué, the Western leaders were said to 'fear the normalization of the Berlin situation as the devil fears incense'. But in no case could they prevent the U.S.S.R. from carrying out the Soviet proposals, which had been 'wholeheartedly approved' by wide sections of world public opinion.



# Did You Hear That?

## CHRISTMAS IN ROME

'THOUGH THE ITALIANS do give presents at Christmas, they give many more at Epiphany', said PATRICK SMITH, B.B.C. Rome correspondent, in 'Today', 'when the kind witch, Befana, roams the streets giving presents to all and sundry, including bottles of wine to her favourite traffic policemen.'

'The most Christmassy thing in Rome is the traditional market in the Piazza Navona—one of the capital's loveliest squares. Ranged round it are stalls, many of which sell Christmas cribs fashioned in bark, wood, and moss, together with plaster figures of Joseph, the Virgin, and the Infant Jesus, angels, shepherds, Wise Men, oxen, and asses. It is a very old tradition and every Italian family has its own *presepio*, as the crib is called, and many of them are bought here. I notice, too, a number of Italian families prefer to buy the bark, the wood, and the moss to make the crib for themselves.'

'It is one of the loveliest sights in Rome at this time of year to see the children with their parents looking wonderingly at the brightly lit stalls selling not only cribs but every kind of Christmas decoration, from those glossy glass spheres, in every conceivable colour, to quivering metal mobiles.'

'From some of the stalls there came an almost overpowering odour of burnt sugar. I watched one strong man take a piece of red-and-white sugar mixture, thick as a rolling pin, from his equally stout wife, who had been carefully warming it over a gas stove. The man pulled with all his might until the sugar was thin; then, with a murderous-looking knife, he chopped it into bits, and curled it into fanciful shapes. Then there were Christmas trees on sale with every kind of dainty electric light for their embellishment, and gifts such as inlaid boxes and tables from Sorrento, and fine leather work from Florence, holding their own against all the plastic and rubber inventions of our day.'

'For good measure there are one or two side shows at the market. At one stall you are invited to try your luck in driving a three-inch nail right down into a hard piece of wood with three blows of a hammer. This calls for accuracy as well as strength, and I did not see anyone win a prize.'

'Yet amidst all this bustle and the bright lights, with the great stone fountains forming an unforgettable centre-piece to it all, the dominant impression of this Christmas market is the little plaster Christ Child in His crib'.

## CANDLES

Candles are in some ways traditionally associated with Christmas, and a week or two ago the largest candle factory in Britain was formally opened, after reconstruction, by the Mayor of Battersea. The firm, which has factories all over the world, has been making candles for more than



Stalls in the Piazza Navona, Rome, at Christmas-time

100 years. If you think candles are old fashioned, perhaps you will be as surprised as HARDIMAN SCOTT, B.B.C. reporter, was when he visited the factory.

'Candles are old fashioned in one sense', he said in 'The Eye-witness'. 'They have been made since about the first century, and in the second century Apuleius complained that "at a noise in the night the household runs with torches, lamps, tallow candles, and wax tapers"'. Now, if there is a noise in the night, we switch on the electric light—although if that fuses, I admit there is a frantic hunt for a candle; and my first surprise at this factory was that the domestic candle is still the backbone of the candle trade; although we are beginning to catch a habit from Scandinavia and the United States, dining by candlelight, and for this the 'art candle' in fancy colours is becoming popular. I suppose men are slowly discovering that women look their best by candlelight, although Plutarch went one further and declared "When the candles are out all women are fair". But sentiments

like that would not help this candle factory, which is flourishing with new equipment as well as old craftsmen.

'That was another thing that surprised me: candles are still being made in the oldest way of all: long wicks hanging up on frames and men pouring wax over them; the hot wax slowly solidifies and gradually builds up the candle. Altar candles are made this way. I saw one six-foot long being made. The man who was ladling the hot wax over it had been doing this work—which is in fact highly skilled—for forty years.'

'These candles are made mostly from beeswax, whereas other candles are made from paraffin wax imported from Assam and Borneo. The big six-footer would weigh about thirty-five pounds and cost between £12 and £15 to buy. Incidentally, this same



A little Italian boy at a stall choosing animals for his crib  
Italian State Tourist Office



system, modified so that wax is automatically poured down over the wicks into moulds, is used to make a number of the "art" candles. There is a good deal of handwork, too, on Christmas candles. Production of these is always fifteen months in advance. I watched holly leaves and other Christmas devices being printed on the candles by hand, each one individually; it is the only way of doing it successfully.

'Alongside these old craft methods are new machines, one of them turning out 1,000 small cake candles every minute. In these machines powdered wax is compressed—one ton to the square inch—and then it is squeezed out like a long line of wax, which is fed into the machines and chopped to size. Altogether this factory turns out about 1,000,000 candles and night-lights of one kind or another every day.

'There are specialist candles: the kind that explorers can eat (if they must); or the standard candle, made of spermaceti, used by scientific institutions to measure candle-power. The ordinary household candle is in fact brighter: it is one-and-a-quarter candle-power. Then there is the King Alfred candle. Alfred the Great ordered candles as a means of time-keeping, and one is still made for this purpose for the Science Museum—to burn away the hours'.

### 'OH LEAVE YOUR SHEEP'

'During the last few busy weeks of Christmas preparations, I always find myself very preoccupied with sheep', said ELSPETH HAWTHORNTHWAITTE in 'Woman's Hour from the North of England'. 'For one thing my enthusiastic daughter, practising her school carol in bed in the dark of early morning, starts the day with "Shepherds in the fields abiding", and later we go swinging round the hen-house and feed and milk the goats to the lovely rhythm of the old Flemish carol "Oh leave your sheep". As I wash the milk pails I can see through the little window above the sink right across the valley, to where some of the older ewes, due to lamb early in the year, are already growing heavy in lamb. But most of all I am missing our own sheep, for these are the only few weeks in the year when, if I lean over the field gate just in front of our cottage, there will not be a soft nose pushed up under my hand, or a white head presented to me to be scratched. And the sheep I am missing the most is the "Wee Bit".'

'We managed to keep her alive, and now every spring she clips a good fleece, and in the last four years she has given us nine grand lambs. She mothers and cares for all our bottle-fed lambs as well, and to me she is the best of companions. For with us Bit forgot her natural shyness and is full of fun and affection. So these weeks when she is away with another flock to get her lambs for the next spring is a horrible break for our family circle. At first she used to fret to be home, but the third time she settled so well that I began to wonder whether it would be kinder to leave her with the flock, because, after all, sheep are gregarious by nature, and with us she must be alone all winter. So for three weeks I kept away from her with this thought in my mind, until at last, miserably convinced, I dared to go and see her.

'In the village school next to the sheep pasture, the children were singing "Oh leave your sheep", but today all the glory seemed to have gone out of it. The high winds had dropped a little, and down by the old orchard of twisted damson trees my white-faced sheep was grazing among the grey ones. I "bleated"

once. She did not raise her head but her steadily moving jaws were suddenly still. Then with a great deep bleat in answer she came charging up the hill to me. A few yards away she stopped—and fell to grazing again. She had cut me dead. After a time she sniffed at my hand, and then wandered away with the other sheep. She had made her own decision, and of course she was right.

'It was just as I was climbing the fence back on to the road that I heard the galloping hooves behind me. She came racing up to me and, flinging her great panting woolly body on to me, buried her head somewhere in my middle while I rubbed her chin and stroked her soft nose and cheeks and buried my own face in her coat to get that lovely smell of clean sheep's wool that I have been missing so much. Then I knew that this year we should have her home again for Christmas, and the Advent prophecy "He shall feed His flock like a shepherd, He shall carry the lambs in His arms and shall gently lead those that are with young" will become even more vivid.

'When the carol-singers come on Christmas Eve our family will be complete again. We are their last call, and we take our lamp out into the field in front of the cottage and sing there with the lights twinkling in the valley and the river singing through the woods below us.

'On the outer ring of lamplight is Mrs. Bit, her white face and her pricked ears backed by the huge ruff of her winter coat. When the carol-singers have gone she comes forward, her black feet shining in the wet grass, and lowers her head to have her forehead scratched. Then she turns and, bearing Easter within her, walks deliberately away towards the dark fields and her own Christmas morning.

'Soon afterwards, as we go down the narrow lanes to our country church to welcome the new-born Lamb of God, I still see her going, her tail swinging gently and her head nodding wisely, almost as if she knew that, though she is only a north-country sheep, it was she and her kind, with their keepers, who heard the very first Christmas carol'.



'The Waits', a nineteenth-century scene

W. T. Spencer

### CAROLS AND WAITS

'The carol was a dance before it became a song or a hymn', said IVOR BROWN in 'Today'. 'It was a measure danced by people in a ring, and so was the chorus. The chorus of

an old Greek tragedy were first of all the dancers who later on took to song. We keep that idea of chorus in the word choreographer for the man who arranges a ballet.

'Then the dancing was forgotten and the chorus became the choir; the vocalist took over altogether. Choirs and carol-singers are not expected to do any leaping or pirouetting. "Carol" itself is a beautiful word, and it has evoked some beautiful writing, but badly sung by scratchy voices in the street a carol can belie the charm of its name. "Charm" itself is the Latin *carmen*, and began its life as a song, as in John Milton's "The charm of earliest birds".'

'We do not hear so much of the "waits" now. They were a kind of town band. They did not dance or sing: they just blew; and they blew hardest of all at Christmas, passing the hat for reward. They were not always much liked. One of Ben Jonson's characters talks of the waits being pensioned not to come near his part of the town; so "Give them a shilling to play in the next street" is an old piece of advice'.



## The Making of Classical Greece

## New Thoughts on Homer's Epics

By T. B. L. WEBSTER

WE have long known that Homer had a memory which stretched back into the Mycenaean age. We can now begin to say more precisely what Homer personally owed to the old Greece of Mycenae as well as what he personally contributed to the new Greece. Once the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* had been composed, they were part of the education of every intelligent Greek, a glorious picture of a golden Mycenaean past which the Greeks from time to time dreamt of recapturing in the future, of gods and heroes sometimes to be criticized and often to be reinterpreted but never to be forgotten. Nothing could be less like the individualistic, quarrelsome, inquisitive, artistic, adorable Greeks of the classical period than the Mycenaean court at Pylos, as we now know it. The King of Pylos (like Homer's Alkinoos) sat on his throne 'tippling like an immortal' out of his golden cup; his throne was flanked by frescoes of griffins and lionesses symbolizing divine protection and his own quasi-divine power. On one wall he saw a stirring picture of a siege, and on another wall a god singing to his lyre. The god was the patron of court poets and the siege a subject of their songs.

All this Homer remembers, as he also remembers Mycenaean muster-lists, military equipment and tactics, architecture, and furniture; this knowledge can have been handed down to him only in poetry, and we are safe in claiming a fragment of Mycenaean poetry when Homer mentions a Mycenaean object or practice in words which occur on the tablets. The tablets also record spices and perfumes, ivory, gold, and lapis-lazuli, shirts and palm-trees, all by their Eastern names, which survived into classical Greek; and we can show that this Mycenaean world was international not only in commerce but also in diplomacy, art, and poetry.

This picture of the Mycenaean world is extremely un-classical but could easily be paralleled in contemporary Near Eastern kingdoms. Mycenaean civilization is extremely un-classical and yet it handed on to the classical Greeks, besides the memory of a golden past and good stories about great men, besides the practical knowledge of good places for settlement on the coast of Asia Minor, something which for the moment I will call a poetic style.

Of the various Oriental constituents of the Mycenaean world I am concerned only with poetry. Dare we suggest that some Oriental poetry reached Homer through a Greek poetic tradition which went back to the Mycenaean age? The argument must be, first, that certain Homeric

stories are so like Eastern stories that they must have been borrowed from the East; secondly, that they are so essential to their context that they cannot have been borrowed recently; thirdly, that if they were not borrowed recently they must have been borrowed in the Mycenaean period, because Greek contact with the East was broken from the Mycenaean age to shortly before the time of Homer.

I will mention two stories. First, the parallel between the Gilgamesh story and the Achilles story: it is difficult to think of Achilles without his goddess mother Thetis and his friend Patroklos; Achilles' name is Mycenaean, and as a warrior he is essentially a mobile small-shield fighter and not a static body-shield fighter; therefore, he is 'swift-footed'. But surely the triangle Thetis-Achilles-Patroklos also goes back long before our Homer. In two places at least it shows close analogies with the Gilgamesh epic, where Gilgamesh's mother, the goddess Ninsum, complains (like Thetis) to the god Shamash of the restlessness of her son, and where Gilgamesh mourns the death of his friend Enkidu 'like a lioness deprived of her cubs'. Apart from the general

likeness of the two pairs of friends, the same comparison is used of Achilles when he mourns the death of Patroklos. It seems to me, therefore, very possible that the Gilgamesh story was known to the Mycenaeans.

My other instance is the likeness of the story of Troy to the Ugaritic Epic of Keret. Keret, like Menelaos, mourns disconsolately for the loss of his wife; his divine father instructs him in a dream to attack the city of Udim and win the lady Hurray. Keret besieges the city and asks for the lady Hurray; the King tries to buy him off (like Priam in the *Iliad*) but he continues the siege and wins the lady; the wedding is attended by gods and goddesses, like the wedding of Peleus and Thetis, which is part of the background of the *Iliad*.

Let us try to imagine how this story may have been imported into the Greek tradition. The Greeks had a siege story at least in the sixteenth century B.C. By that time body-shields were already obsolescent, but Homer remembers them. Ajax is the most notable body-shield warrior, and his name occurs on a tablet of the thirteenth century: an ordinary man was named after a body-shield warrior known from poetry. In the same way I suppose that the other Homeric names (both Greek and Trojan) on the tablets derive from earlier poetry. A silver vase from one of the Shaft graves at Mycenae shows the siege of a town by Mycenaeans; the



Reconstruction (by Piet de Jong) of a fresco in the throne room at Pylos

Photograph: American School of Classical Studies, Athens



Design, on a gold signet ring from Mycenae, of an armed combat: the man at the right holds a 'Homeric' body-shield

From 'The Palace of Minos', by Sir Arthur Evans (Macmillan)



defenders of the town and their ladies are as interesting as the attackers; so we must suppose that, in the early Mycenaean siege-poems, both sides had their names and personalities; in one version presumably the defenders were already Trojans. Military equipment changed; the story was brought up to date with small shields, corselets, and chariots; but Ajax at least was too well loved to be lost.

In the thirteenth century, perhaps, the Mycenaeans in Ugarit learned the Keret story, and under its influence one version of the Mycenaean siege of Troy became a war to win a woman, and it may be this version which figured in the contemporary frescoes of Mycenae and Pylos. If the destruction of the city which we now call Troy VII A in the second half of the thirteenth century was really the result of an expedition from a number of Mycenaean cities, it would provide the occasion for the old siege story to be brought up to date again with a new historical setting and local geographical detail but with the names of the majority of the cast on both sides unchanged. In the long period after the destruction of the Mycenaean palaces the idea of an international expedition became incredible. Here, I think, a poet of genius stepped in and identified the wife whom 'Menelaos' had lost with the woman whom he won in the siege; the story became the story of the rape and recovery of Helen, and thereby a new compulsion was invented to drive the Greeks to Troy: the Greek chiefs had all been Helen's suitors, and when she married Menelaos they swore to go to war if anyone should carry her off. In this form the story was handed down to Homer and by this time was so well known that he could elaborate a single short sequence of interconnected events to make his *Iliad*.

When I said that the Mycenaean world handed on to post-Mycenaean Greeks a poetic style, I meant simply that where the style of Homer reminds us of early Oriental poetry we may suspect a Mycenaean origin. Much early Oriental poetry (including my two strong candidates), like Homer, uses fixed but extensible combinations of nouns and adjectives to describe gods and heroes, fixed lines for beginnings and endings of speeches, fixed sequences of lines to describe certain stock scenes. These phenomena can be lumped together under the general heading of formulae. With our recent more precise knowledge of the development of the Greek language we can date many of the Homeric formulae as Mycenaean, post-Mycenaean, or eighth century. Thus the style seems to have remained the same in character but new formulae were created as time went on.

But here is a major problem. The brilliant American scholar Milman Parry compared this formulaic style in Homer with the formulaic style used by Yugoslav bards and found its origin in the needs of the oral poet, who has no written text but improvises for each performance. How can the formulaic style both show that Homer comes late in a succession of oral poets and be present in Sumerian, Akkadian, Hittite, and Ugaritic poetry, all of which were written?

I believe the problem is unreal and can be solved by distinguishing first between two kinds of causes and secondly, between two kinds of writing. Parry rightly emphasized the oral poet's need of formulae and found in it the origin of the formulaic style; but the formulaic style, however much it extends the number of formulae by analogy, starts by taking over formulae existing in real life—especially the titles of gods and heroes as they appear in the ritual and the operation orders of the Mycenaean or Oriental court. One of the origins of the formulaic style is, in fact, the etiquette of the second-millennium courts. But the need of the poet may well be responsible for keeping the formulaic style alive after the collapse of the Mycenaean palaces. What killed the

formulaic style was chiefly the invention of an easy system of writing; this made it possible for the poet to compose in writing for an audience which had become too individualistic to tolerate any longer the court style. I think it is a reasonable assumption that syllabic writing, whether Oriental cuneiform or Greek Linear B, is too slow and imprecise for poetic composition although it could be used for recording. Therefore the early Eastern poet was in Parry's terms an oral poet even if his work was often recorded.

All but one of the great Mycenaean palaces were destroyed in the thirteenth and twelfth centuries, and Greece was overrun by invaders from the same source as the Mycenaeans, but uncivilized by contact with older cultures. Athens was not sacked and Athens became the rallying point for Mycenaean refugees who carried their Mycenaean memories through Athens to found the new cities on the coast of Asia Minor between, roughly, 1035 and 900 B.C.



Silver vase from Mycenae, showing the siege of a town

The dominant figure of the middle of the eighth century was Homer (and I mean by Homer the author or authors of the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*, possibly one man but at most two). As I see it, Homer was a genius who exploited three existing conditions: love of the past, love of festivals, and the alphabet. The invention of the alphabet about 850 B.C. made it possible to record a long epic quickly so that it could be recited by relays of reciters. It is probable that epics telling the story of the Trojan War in chronological order had been recited at the great festivals for half a century before Homer. The narrative of the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey* is not straightforward: it is an extremely complicated and involved composition (for which the only parallel is to be found in contemporary Attic vase-painting, in my opinion one of the noblest and most satisfying forms of pictorial art ever invented); the balances and rhythms, preparations and back references can be appreciated only when heard in continuous recital. The *Iliad* was the first and the *Odyssey* was the last poem in which these new conditions were exploited to the full.

Homer is in the direct line of descent from the court poets of Mycenaean Pylos. His idiom is still the idiom of Mycenaean court poetry which for him was again a live style, because it expressed a view of life in which the essential and the typical was more important than the transitory and particular. A romantic poet might lovingly describe each dawn differently, but the differences are irrelevant if dawn only marks the beginning of a new day, so Homer's dawn is 'early-rising' and 'rosy-fingered'—another lovely Mediterranean day. A modern hero may be described differently whenever he appears; but it is the essence of Achilles to be an agile fighter and so he is normally 'swift-footed Achilles'.

I suspect that this new reality for the formulaic style was discovered in Athens in the dark period and is the counterpart of the geometric style in art, and that both spring from a new belief in human reason, in human capacity to reduce things to simple and clear patterns so that they become manageable and intelligible. Here is one of the germs of classical Greek art and thought and science, but it could not grow any further yet because in Homer's own lifetime the movement towards a new individualism had begun.

In one other feature of the Homeric epic, however, we can also see a foreshadowing of later science and philosophy. Homer constantly uses long similes; and the late language of many similes, taken with the references to Ionian geography and modern techniques such as iron-working and dyeing ivory, suggest that the long simile, as distinct from the short comparison, is a creation of our Homer and of his immediate predecessors. The long simile is a picture of a situation in the everyday life of the poet's audience



which he draws to illustrate a situation in the far-distant heroic past. After a day of successful battle Hektor orders feasting and watch-fires before what he intends to be a victorious drive to the Trojan ships. Homer compares watch-fires to the stars shining brightly about the moon on a lovely summer night, which reveal peaks and glades and rejoice the shepherd's heart; every point is relevant—the lights; the fact that they will show up marauders; the shepherd who, like Hektor, predicts a quiet night and a good day tomorrow. The present everyday situation contains a number of points which echo points in the past heroic situation. It is, in fact, a kind of working model of the heroic situation. This provision of an intelligible working model to explain the unknown seems to me to foreshadow what the scientists and philosophers began to do a century and a half later.

The audience of the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* were the well-to-do citizens, and in many passages Homer took them into account. They were the hoplites who formed the fighting line of their

cities, and sometimes the traditional battles are related as if they were modern hoplite battles. They were individuals, and among the passages in the Epics in which modern eighth-century language is clearest are those in which individual decisions are stressed or mental characteristics described in terminology which is demonstrably new. When the battle is raging over Patroklos' dead body, Menelaos cries out: 'Now remember the gentleness of hapless Patroklos. For he knew how to be kindly to all while he lived'. 'Gentleness' is a unique word and in all probability a new formation, but the adjective 'gentle' is used three times elsewhere of Patroklos, and Briseis in her lament for him says: 'You were always kindly'.

Thus Homer crystallizes an essential but unusual characteristic in a single new word. The long similes and the individual portraiture are readily accessible to the modern reader: they look forward to Sappho and beyond. The style and the story look back to Mycenae:—*Third Programme*

## Watching the Sun

MERVYN ELLISON on work done during the International Geophysical Year

THE organization of the International Geophysical Year has provided a splendid impetus to the study of the sun and its influence on the earth. The sun is our energy-provider. Over long periods of time the light and heat that it emits are remarkably constant. But we also receive from it many other types of invisible radiations. The existence of these has become known only in recent years.

First, we have the short-wave radiations, in the ultra-violet. It is these rays that maintain and control the ionized regions in the earth's upper atmosphere: the *D*-, *E*-, and *F*-layers of the ionosphere. In these levels the atoms of the air are split up into ions and free electrons.

It has been found that the number of free electrons in the ionosphere—and consequently its power to reflect back our radio waves—is greater when there are many sun-spots than when there are few. That is, the sun's output of ultra-violet varies with the number of sun-spots. So there is an intimate connection between the eleven-year cycle of solar activity and the propagation of radio waves round the world. This is a matter of great practical importance to the radio engineer. In order to be able to make use of the right frequencies at the right times he must be in a position to predict these changes in the electron populations for some months in advance. The forecasts still fall far short of our needs and further study of the problem is required. In particular, we do not yet know the precise regions of the sun's atmosphere that are responsible for the emission of the ultra-violet radiation and which, therefore, control the number of electrons in the ionosphere.

When I was out in South Africa in March of this year, the B.B.C. television programme of the Boat Race was picked up perfectly in Cape Town. Such reflections of very short radio waves over long distances can occur only if there is an unusually high concentration of electrons in the *F*-layer. This is possible at sun-spot maximum but not at sun-spot minimum. At the other extreme—in the region of very long waves—we have the many types of solar radio emission.

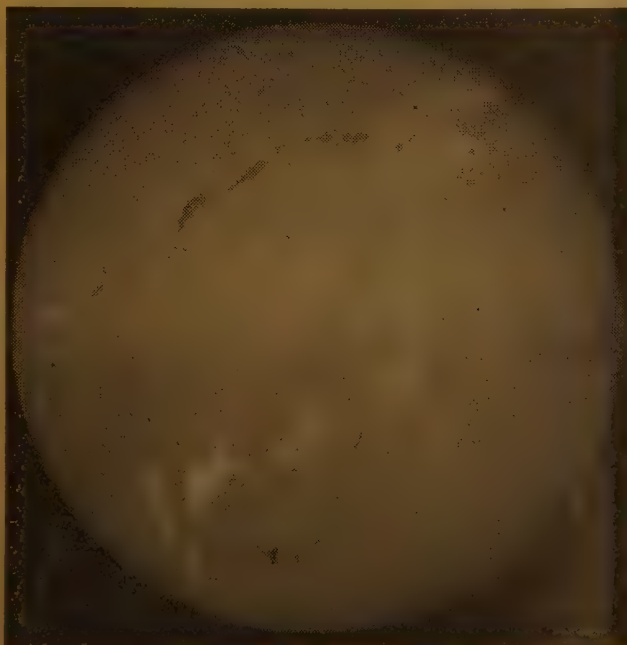
Over a considerable range of wave-lengths, in the wave band from 1 cm. to 10 metres, these radio waves coming from the sun can penetrate the electron layers of the ionosphere and are picked up by radio telescopes at ground level. During the International Geophysical Year, some fifty stations are making continuous records on different frequencies.

The sun emits not only wave radiation; it also throws out intermittently great streams of charged particles. Judged by their effects on the earth, the particle showers are of two kinds, differing greatly in energy. First, we have the magnetic storm particles. These travel from the sun at an average speed of about 1,000 miles per second and reach our atmosphere in one to two days if the earth happens to lie in the line of fire. Since these particles carry electric charges, they are guided by the earth's magnetic field and reach our atmosphere mainly in the polar regions. Here they set up powerful electric currents, of the order of 1,000,000 amperes, flowing in the ionosphere. It is these currents that cause the sudden fluctuations of the magnetic needles—what we call magnetic storms.

The impact of the storm particles also gives rise to the visible

displays of the aurora. From regions about 23 degrees from the earth's magnetic axis poles, the aurora can be observed nearly overhead on almost every clear night. And an exceptional shower of particles, such as follows a day or so after an intense flare on the sun, will cause the aurora to spread far beyond its normal zones. When that happens these big displays, formed of coloured arcs, bands, and draperies may even be seen from the tropics. Throughout the International Geophysical Year the geographical distribution and development of the aurora have been recorded by networks of trained observers in many countries. In the Arctic and Antarctic, automatic cameras have been in use which photograph the whole sky at five-minute intervals. These records will enable us to say whether the displays of aurora borealis and australis develop along similar lines.

One can easily see that the



Solar flares on the surface of the sun (bottom left)

By courtesy of the Astronomer Royal



impact of the charged storm particles may create havoc among the free electrons in the ionosphere. The normal reflections from the *F*-layer cease and there is prolonged disturbance of short-wave reception. This is what has been called the radio 'black-out'. Other particles sometimes reach us from the sun, travelling at a far greater speed, approaching that of light. These are cosmic-ray particles. High energy atoms of this kind normally bombard our atmosphere with great constancy, coming in uniformly from all directions in space. At times of an intense solar flare they may increase fifty-fold. This was what happened in February 1956. As part of the programme for the I.G.Y., cosmic rays are now being recorded continuously at more than 100 stations in different parts of the world. The study of the blasts of cosmic rays from the sun may lead to a new understanding of these particles: how are they accelerated to such immense speeds, and how are they guided by the magnetic fields in space?

All these *invisible* radiations, both waves and particles, have this in common: they wax and wane with the eleven-year cycle of sun-spot activity. This means that the sun is a variable star. It was for this reason that the International Geophysical Year was planned to take place at the period of sun-spot maximum, the time when the terrestrial effects of solar activity are most easily observed. But the planners could scarcely have foreseen how successful they would be. As things have turned out, the sun-spot numbers during the past fifteen months have exceeded those in any comparable period during the past 200 years.

Early in the planning stages of the International Geophysical Year it was realized

that we must keep the sun under continuous observation throughout the eighteen months. We needed the fullest possible information of what was happening at the transmitting end, as well as the receiving end, of this long line of communications extending over 93,000,000 miles. This meant the provision of equipment, well distributed in longitude and located in the most favourable climates, which would automatically photograph the sun's hydrogen atmosphere at one-minute intervals.

This organization has become known as the 'solar patrol'. About twenty-five stations are now filming the sun. Eight of these are spread out across Russia, six across the United States, and there is one in Hawaii which bridges the great Pacific gap between Mount Wilson and Tokyo. In this way we can insure a twenty-four-hour coverage. The photographs are taken through special filters devised by the French physicist Lyot. Each film contains the exact time of every exposure and includes other information that is essential for the fullest scientific use of the pictures.

The British National Committee has contributed one of these Lyot heliographs for the work of the 'solar patrol'. This instrument has been set up at the Royal Observatory, Cape of Good Hope. There, the hours of bright sunshine are on the average twice as great as anywhere in the British Isles. The heliograph is electronically guided and follows the sun throughout the day, taking its pictures automatically without the need for an observer in constant attendance. The films are developed at the Cape and then dispatched each week to this country for examination. Here we make lists of the solar flares and other types of activity for transmission to the three Data Centres of the I.G.Y. In addition, the films comprise a great reservoir of information about the

sun which it may take many years to analyse and complete.

The work I have been discussing covers only a few of the I.G.Y. fields of endeavour—those most directly concerned with solar-terrestrial relations. Equally great efforts have been put into the work of meteorology, ocean currents, rockets and satellites, glaciers, and so on. It may be wondered whether we are not in danger of collecting so much information that much of it may remain unpublished and unexamined. At its recent meeting in Moscow, the special committee for the International Geophysical Year gave careful consideration to this important problem. This committee, under the presidency of Professor Sydney Chapman, has been in action since 1952 and has been responsible for the planning and development of the whole project. The detailed execution of the plans has been carried out by national committees in the sixty-seven participating countries. Having completed its main purpose, the special committee will come to an end on June 30, 1959. Its place will then be taken by a new completion committee—the committee for the utilization of the results of the International Geophysical Year. Its function will

be to deal with all aspects of the closing stages of the enterprise. It has been charged with organizing international co-operation for the use and analysis of the data that have been collected by the World Data Centre. This will mean enlisting the support of institutions and individuals to carry out the examination of results in which they have a special interest; and to find the money for such work.

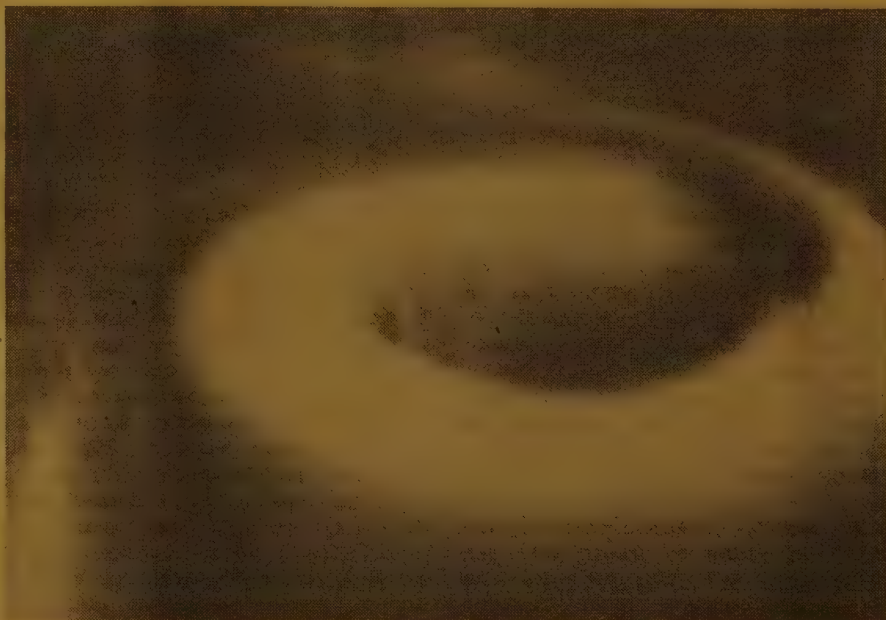
Certain results will need immediate publication so that they may be available for workers in other fields. This is particularly important for the sun. Daily maps will be

required for every day during the International Geophysical Year, indicating the active solar centres, with detailed information about sun-spots, solar flares, the corona, and so on.

It was also of great interest at the Moscow meeting to hear at first hand of the many spectacular achievements made during the I.G.Y. The Russian astronomers have developed new spectroscopic and photoelectric devices that enable them to study the magnetic fields in the sun-spot regions. Contour maps are plotted which show these fields in great detail. At the time of one of the spectacular outbursts that we call a solar flare, the magnetic field in the vicinity is found to undergo a sudden change with a redistribution of the lines of force. This can mean only that some of the magnetic energy that is stored up in the field is suddenly released and is converted into new forms: the visible light, the radio waves, and the particle streams to which I have referred.

We also heard about the American rocket experiments. As part of its I.G.Y. programme the United States Naval Research Laboratory has been launching rockets into the upper atmosphere at times when solar flares have been signalled in operation by one of their observatories. When a flare occurs, the number of free electrons in the lowest layer of the ionosphere—the *D*-layer—undergoes a sudden increase. It is these extra electrons that cause the radio fade-outs observed at these times. The nature of this ionizing radiation emitted by flares has caused much speculation during the past twenty years. The rockets have now shown conclusively that the radiations responsible are very hard X-rays.

We can see from all this how much astronomy stands to gain from experiments carried out above the atmosphere by rockets and satellites, and eventually from space travel.—*Network Three*



The aurora borealis, photographed in northern Canada



# Are Our Art Collections Too Big?

By OSBERT LANCASTER

**M**Y first reaction on hearing that the corner site in Trafalgar Square had finally been acquired for an extension of the National Gallery was (not unnaturally) one of unqualified rejoicing. How splendid, I thought, that all those pictures down in the cellar which one is never allowed to see will at long last be publicly accommodated. If the new premises were to be really large there might even be a hope that Cruickshank's gigantic canvas 'The Perils of Drink', invisible for the best part of a century, would once more display its grim warning to a new generation of toppers.

Then—up from my subconscious—there floated the memory of one of the late Logan Pearsall-Smith's aphorisms. 'How often my soul visits the National Gallery and how seldom I go there myself', remarked that far from lovable old cynic. Realizing that this pregnant saying had, alas, a personal application, I then started to consider exactly what one expected from a large public collection and what one actually got. In fact, I started to reflect on the nature of the ideal gallery.

The first, and almost the only, conclusion to which I came was that it must by contemporary standards be small. This reflection was chiefly prompted by the memory of recent visits paid while in Washington to the National Gallery and to the Philip's Collection. The former is a building of neo-classic design, the work of the late Russell Pope (an architect whose most familiar masterpiece is, for the majority of people, likely to be the Oxford Street façade of Messrs. Selfridges), and of a scale which makes the Baths of Caracalla look like a Nissen hut. In it are housed a large proportion of the world's masterpieces of every epoch, the majority of which are in the highest degree what Mr. Berenson would call 'life-enhancing'. But, despite all the efforts made by the curators to achieve some rapport between spectator and picture—which even include a cosy little chat over a closed broadcasting circuit audible on personalized receiving sets obtainable at the door for the sum of 25 cents—one's life, or at least mine, remained in most cases obstinately unenhanced.

The Philip's Collection, on the other hand, which is comparatively small and confined in range, is displayed in a solid Victorian mansion on Massachusetts Avenue—about the same size and date as the average house in Pont Street, London—where the decoration is firmly domestic and a sufficiency of solid Victorian sofas and armchairs have been allowed to remain. I cannot recall a more profitable afternoon spent in any gallery than that which I passed therein.

The chief reason for the difference in my



The rotunda of the National Gallery in Washington, D.C.



The post-office at Henley, the walls adorned with seventeenth-century Italian landscapes

By courtesy of the Postmaster-General

response to the two collections lay first, I am convinced, in the number of pictures involved. For there is a strict limit to the amount of art to which one can usefully react in any given space of time, and that limit is well passed in the National Galleries of Washington and London, as well as in the Louvre, the Vatican, and almost all of the world's public collections. I know that in theory the strong-minded lover of art should be able to ration himself, but somehow, however firmly one intends to confine one's visit to—say—Siene primitives, one always seems suddenly to catch sight of a Philips de Koninck that has recently



been cleaned or one feels that one cannot leave without just a glance at one's favourite Canaletto, and as a result indigestion sets in before one can say 'Kenneth Clark'. Indeed, I sometimes wonder if the most profitable visits, in terms of true appreciation, ever paid to the National Gallery were not those made in war time, when, thanks to the inspiration of the aforementioned great director, a single picture changed at regular intervals was alone on view.

### Contrast in Setting

Then there was the contrast in setting. There are certain pictures which clearly demand a public gallery for their proper display: works conceived for the embellishment of palaces and guildhalls such as Veronese's 'Marriage at Cana' or Rembrandt's 'The Night Watch', or those great full-dress eighteenth-century portraits which could hardly be accommodated in any ordinary private house. Furthermore, there are those mighty canvases which are, in effect, statements of policy which need space, if not necessarily isolation, to make their proper effect. Neither the 'Radeau de la Méduse' nor 'Guernica' would be likely to get their full message across in the average dining-room.

But there are also innumerable pictures of all periods which were intended by their artists to be seen in more intimate surroundings than are likely to exist in the ordinary public gallery. Much can be done to modify the dehydrated museum atmosphere by the introduction of carpets, furniture, etc., as has been done at the Ashmolean in Oxford—which, incidentally, of all our public collections seems to me to approach closest to the ideal—but obviously the larger the gallery the less convincing such efforts will be.

What therefore, it seems to me, we need is smaller not larger collections, and many more of them. How, given the existing size of most of them, is this to be achieved?

One way of relieving the pressure would be to empower museum directors from time to time to sell off their surplus stock. Naturally there would have to be safeguards. Certain pictures would be permanently scheduled as unsaleable, and it would be laid down that the sums obtained could only be expended on the acquisition of replacements—not necessarily to the same number, if a single work of the highest quality was suddenly to come on the market. It could be argued that this would have a discouraging effect on possible testators, attracted by the thought of their legacies, neatly labelled in gold letters 'The Pooter Bequest', remaining an ornament to the national collection through all eternity. If in fact such considerations would lead rich men to leave their pictures to colleges or schools or even private persons, rather than museums, I would say so much the better.

### An Artistic Vacuum

For in my view the vast existing concentration of pictures in two or three London galleries should certainly be broken up. Nothing, for any traveller familiar with France or Italy, is more depressing than the artistic vacuum which exists in the average English county town. How pleasant it would be if, for instance, one found at Salisbury a collection of Constable's drawings and sketches, comparable in range to that of Lautrec's works on view at Albi! Or if the church at, say, Swaffham, a rather more impressive piece of architecture than that of Castelfranco, contained one of the innumerable Italian altar-pieces on view in Trafalgar Square! For galleries and museums are not the only place in which paintings can be displayed. In many cases, churches, colleges, country houses, even public offices are equally if not more suitable. In my own town of Henley the tedium of waiting one's turn in the local post-office is much relieved by the presence of a set of seventeenth-century Italian landscape panels taken from a demolished house in the neighbourhood and very sensibly installed here some years ago. Why, for instance, should the 'Benedictional of St. Aethelwold', and Turner's 'Liber Studorum', recently acquired by the state from the Duke of Devonshire, have been raped away from Chatsworth—which is situated in the very centre of one of the most heavily populated districts in England, open to the public and visited in summer by as many as 3,000 people in a single day—and buried in the British Museum? If it is argued that Chatsworth remains

in private hands, why could they not be put on view in nearby Hardwick, which is the property of the National Trust?

There are two reasons, neither convincing and only one avowed. First, it is invariably maintained that we must at all costs think of posterity and that only in the scientifically controlled atmosphere of a public gallery can the well-being of works of art be permanently safeguarded. An argument which I once heard pushed to its logical conclusion by an expert in attendance on the National Gallery pictures, tucked away in their air-conditioned, thermostatically controlled, war-time hideout in the Welsh mountains; he openly deplored their eventual removal back to London on the grounds that they were so *well* where they were. The answer to this sort of nonsense is that although art is long it is not that long, and it is stupid to start worrying too much about posterity just at the moment when for the first time in human history there is quite a chance that there may not be any. Anyhow, I notice that we are seldom reminded of our duty to posterity when it comes to pulling down a masterpiece of architecture to make way for a new office block.

### Curators or the Public?

The second reason, of which we naturally hear less, is that it is much more convenient for curators and administrators to have as much art in one place as possible. While yielding to no one in my admiration of our museum directors individually, I would suggest that their convenience as a class is not, perhaps, invariably the highest good, and that public collections do not exist solely for the benefit of art-historians and experts, but also, to a certain extent, for the sake of the public.

But what, you may well ask, is going to happen to this important site if the National Gallery does not expand into it? Another spanking great glass and steel chessboard for business firms? A car park to encourage even more motorists to pour into the centre of the town? Certainly not. It should most certainly be occupied by a gallery, but one for which I would humbly suggest there is a far greater need than for any immediate expansion of its next-door neighbour. Namely, a gallery which could house specialized temporary exhibitions, such as exists in almost every other capital in the world. At the moment, apart from the winter exhibitions at Burlington House, all the great loan collections with a sight of which we are favoured from time to time, such as the Mexican art exhibition of a few years back, or the Byzantine exhibition from Edinburgh, have to be accommodated either at the Tate or the Victoria and Albert, which are themselves overcrowded. In some ways these, it seems to me, fulfil a role of even greater importance in our artistic life than do the permanent collections. For such is human nature that we tend to appreciate more keenly works which we have to pay to see. Exhibitions which involve us in time and trouble to visit, as they are on view for only a limited time, may perhaps have a more profound effect than those on which we can drop in any day of the week, and therefore seldom see at all.—*Home Service*

## Pleasures I Wish Them

Pleasures I wish them,  
Berries brilliant in the blue,  
Times and times of I  
Undivided from the You,

More a home their world,  
With less outlandish fears,  
Than our own has been  
These hundred years.

And if the black-month bares  
The dead nest in the trees,  
O may no primal goblin  
Twist them to their knees.

GEOFFREY GRIGSON



# The End of the Mind's World

The third of four talks by J. V. LANGMEAD CASSERLEY

**T**HE mind's world is composed of words, and of the things and ideas to which words refer, rather than of things as they are in themselves. We live in such a mental world of our own just as truly as we live in the actual physical world. Indeed what we know about the actual physical world, the way in which we interpret our experience of the physical world, is largely determined by the shape of the mental world which we inhabit. The characteristics of our mental world determine the kind of question we are most prone to ask about the physical world. For example in one age of culture a man confronted with some strange and tremendous event in nature, such as a hurricane or volcanic eruption, will ask the question: 'What caused it?'; but a man who inhabits some very different mental world might equally well ask the question: 'Which of the Gods is angry with us?'

Both questions are about equally rational in relation to the mental background out of which the speaker comes. Our mental world takes it for granted that every physical event is caused by some other physical event. The mental world of pre-Christian culture took it for granted that all the major physical events express the will or whim of one or other of many divine beings. The kind of question that each man asks about the event in the physical world is determined by what he takes for granted in his mental world.

## Physical Reality through Mental Spectacles

Most of us would claim for our own mental world that it approximates more closely to the real nature of physical reality than the mental world of polytheism, so that the questions which it is rational to ask in our world bring out the nature of that reality more clearly than the questions which it would be rational to ask in the ancient world of gods and goddesses. The main point is that we never see the physical world which surrounds us (or for that matter the world of history and our own personal existence) merely as it is in itself, but always through mental spectacles provided by the world of the mind, characteristic of the particular form of civilization and culture in which we live.

This world of the mind which we inhabit is composed of many ingredients drawn from many different sources, but two of the most important of these sources are natural science and philosophy. Natural science is primarily concerned with the way in which physical events happen. Certain branches of science, like psychology and sociology, having some resemblance to the natural sciences, are also concerned with the way in which historical, social, and psychic events happen. Philosophy, on the other hand, is more concerned with the question of what things mean.

The philosopher may decide that things do not mean anything at all; but this is just as much a speculative philosophical theory as one which takes the opposite view that events do have a meaning. Another possible type of philosophical theory would acknowledge that events may have a meaning but argue that we are never capable of knowing what the meaning is. This view, a not unpopular one nowadays, seems to imply that although reality may have some kind of meaning it is incapable of putting its meaning across, at all events to beings with minds like ours. This third type of view is also a speculative philosophical theory which seems to me to err by pretending to know much more about reality than we have any right to claim. How can we be so sure that reality cannot put its meaning across to us? Oddly enough, it is at the same time the most sceptical and the most dogmatically certain of itself of all the theories. One is reminded of the story of the sceptical father who said to his son: 'My boy, never say you're certain of anything. The wise man is always doubtful'. 'Are you sure of that, father?' 'Yes, I'm certain of it'. This faces us with the extraordinary paradox of the professed sceptic's absolute assurance that he, and he alone, is right. Of course, our

mental world may contain many other things, but these two, science and philosophy, at least as far as our own characteristic mental world is concerned, seem to me much the most important.

What is the relationship between this mental world we inhabit and any possible absolute truth deeply rooted in the essential nature of things? At first sight there would seem to be two ways of answering this question. The first would acknowledge that there are many different mental worlds, characteristic of many different types of civilization and culture, but that one of them at least, presumably our own, has such a relationship to reality that we can describe it as absolute truth.

## What Is Truth?

In our world probably few philosophers would make this simple declaration of faith, but I think this is what many ordinary people are in fact prone to believe, particularly about our modern science. We are the people, they think, who at long last are beginning to know the absolute truth. The second group of thinkers would simply say that there are many mental worlds, and many different ways of looking at reality, but none of them grasps the real truth as it is in itself. All our humble worlds merely perceive what reality looks like from their point of view. No doubt some points of view are more useful than others, but even this would not give us any clear criterion for distinguishing between points of view, because all points of view are useful for some purpose or other, and which one we regard as the more important one depends largely itself on our point of view. For such a philosophy there can be no absolute truth, and everything would be regarded as relative to the particular point of view which we adopt in our intercourse with reality. So some would say that absolute truth is within one's reach, whereas others believe that it is altogether beyond our capacities.

These two ways of tackling the question seem like rather stark alternatives, but there is also a kind of intermediate theory. This is the position I myself would adopt. It is that there is indeed an absolute truth, but no human mental world, no human point of view or climate of opinion, ever completely grasps or comprehends it. On the other hand, all human points of view and climates of opinion have some kind of relationship to the absolute truth. Human points of view and climates of opinion are neither merely relative, on the one hand, nor altogether absolute, on the other. They do not comprehend reality but they do in some way or other approximate towards it. In all our thinking there is both an absolute and a relative element.

## The Relative and the Absolute

What we always find so difficult is to sort out and separate the one from the other. Here we are none of us entirely successful. We are persistently prone to suppose that something which is really relative is absolute, and something that is absolute is merely relative.

A good illustration of this is the prevalence of persecution and cruelty in modern political life from the terror of 1793 during the French Revolution, up to modern political persecutions under fascism and communism. In all episodes of this kind we find ourselves confronted with people, often idealistic ones, who are more certain that their particular political programme is absolutely right than they are convinced that it is always wrong to kill and to oppress. As a young Marxist lady said to me some years ago: 'If you are absolutely certain that your political proposals will ultimately make all mankind happy for ever, what does it really matter if you kill a couple of million people or so in this generation? If all the people who get killed are opposing the course of progress and light, and trying to prevent all mankind

(continued on page 1078)



# NEWS DIARY

December 17-22

## Wednesday, December 17

Commons debate unemployment

Mr. Selwyn Lloyd has a talk with General de Gaulle in Paris about the difficulties over a European free trade area

A Government report makes new proposals for the education of young people in farming

## Thursday, December 18

Nato conference in Paris ends. Mr. Selwyn Lloyd has discussions on Cyprus with Greek and Turkish Foreign Ministers

Governor of Cyprus commutes death sentences on two Greek Cypriots

An American satellite, weighing four tons, is put into orbit round the earth

Britain makes new offer to Iceland to help negotiations over fishing dispute

New Government Bill proposing increased penalties for prostitution and for living on immoral earnings is published

## Friday, December 19

Talks on constitutional future of Malta end in London, after five weeks, without agreement

A recorded Christmas message from President Eisenhower is broadcast to earth from the American satellite

Heavy rain causes flooding in Midlands and south-west England

## Saturday, December 20

Israel reports an air battle with Egyptian fighters over the Negev desert

Two British airmen killed in Cyprus by a mine

Twenty-two people remanded in custody after a demonstration at an R.A.F. rocket base near Swaffham, Norfolk

Two Opposition leaders in Ghana arrested under the Preventive Detention Act

Death of Sir John Squire, author, poet, and editor, aged seventy-four

## Sunday, December 21

General de Gaulle elected first President of the Fifth French Republic on first ballot

The Bishop of Kitium, Acting Head of the Ethnarchy in Cyprus, expresses regret at yesterday's murder of two British airmen

## Monday, December 22

New Soviet budget provides big allocation for education and science

West German firms offer to invest £17,000,000 in the Aswan Dam Project in Egypt

United States and Yugoslavia sign an economic aid agreement

Golden wedding anniversary of Dame Sybil Thorndike and Sir Lewis Casson



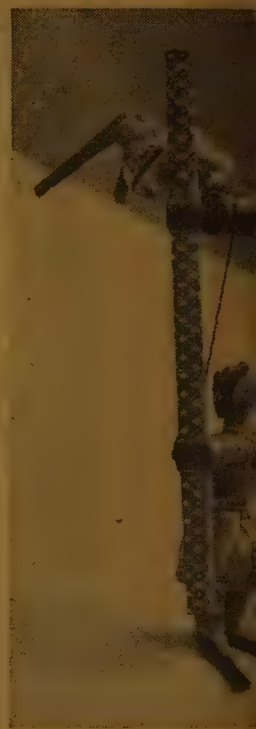
An exhibition of games and toys of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries is on view at the Victoria and Albert Museum. Many of them—such as this 'Game of Universal History and Chronology'—aimed at combining instruction with entertainment



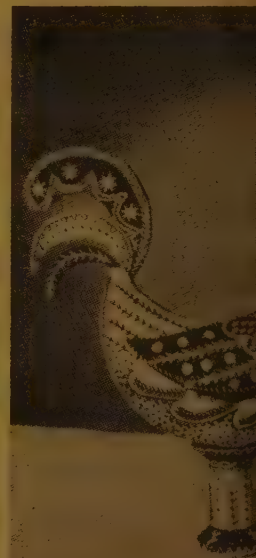
A 'march-past' in the exhibition of Model Soldiers Through the Ages at 138 Park Lane, London

Right: a joust of the period of the Battle of Crécy (1346)

# TOYS



A pair of German tumbling sticks, four inches high, of





## NEW AND OLD



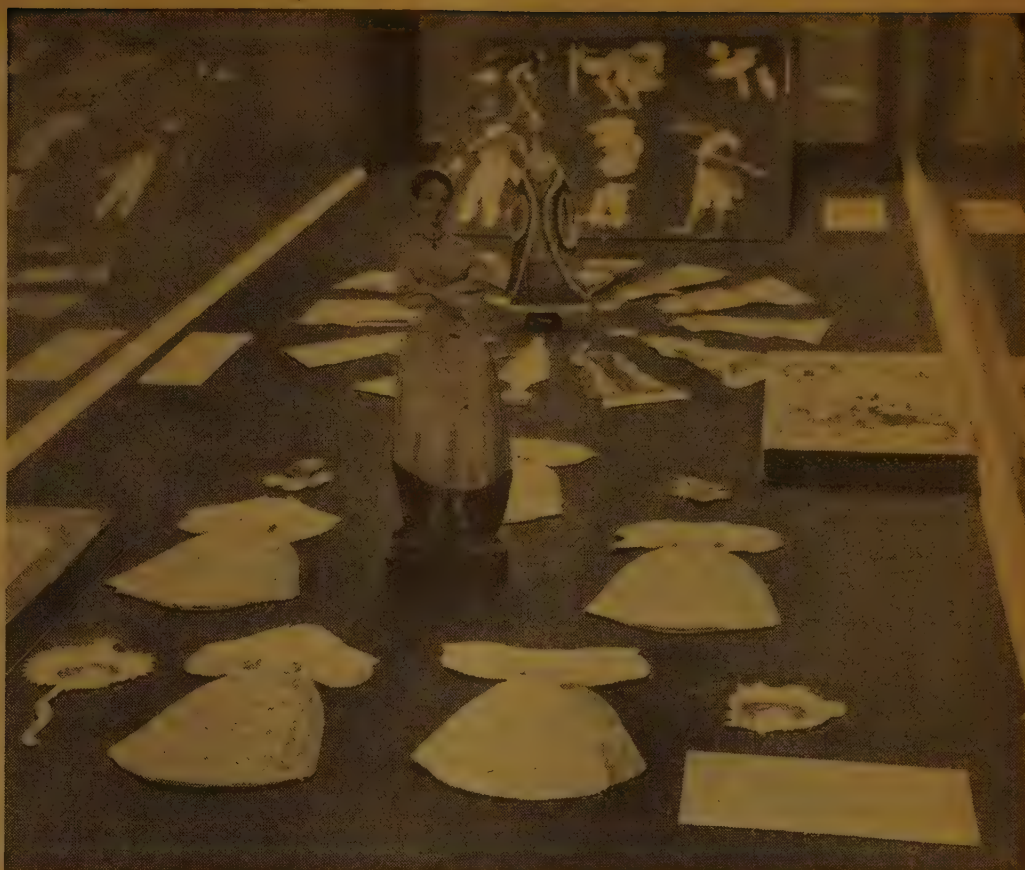
each about  
and—



—wooden blocks, for teaching the alphabet, which build into a cottage



Two of the toys designed and made by Winsome Douglass which are on view at Foyle's Art Gallery, Charing Cross Road, London: above, heraldic lion; left: a cockerel. Also in the exhibition are examples of Dorset feather stitchery by Olivia Pass



'Ranks of the female sex': cut-out figures with changes of costume (German, about 1840)



'Cries of Paris': a French child's toy theatre (c. 1830) with cut-out figures coloured by hand, in the exhibition at the Victoria and Albert Museum. The building depicted in the background is the Madeleine

Below: a toy locomotive and tender (German, c. 1840). Behind it is part of a polyorama of sixteen cards which can be interchanged to make a variety of landscapes





(continued from page 1075)

from being happy for ever, then in a sense they thoroughly deserve all they get'.

This is undeniably logical granted the premises, but appalling if you do not grant the premises. The point that I would make is the terrible consequence of combining a relative view of ethics with an absolutist view of politics. The young lady had failed to make the distinction correctly between the absolute part of our mental world and the relative part, and so it was that she was willing to commend murder, persecution, and cruelty for the most oddly idealistic reasons. How indeed could she be so certain that her political nostrums would make all mankind happy for ever?

Our mental world lives and has its value because it has a genuine if only approximate relationship to the real world. In other words, our mental world is always under judgment, and indeed must at some point or other have an end. In the kingdom of the mind it is true that we have no continuing city and no abiding stay. Neither science nor philosophy ever stands still. A scientific theory may at any time be swept aside by new experimental evidence which demonstrates its inadequacy and appeals from the accepted scientific idea to the inconvenient facts to which the new experiment testifies. Similarly the philosophical idea is constantly being swept aside by some new form of philosophical criticism. We accepted the ideas originally because of arguments or courses of experi-

ment which seemed to demonstrate their adequacy, *i.e.*, we accepted them because we had some reason to suppose that they approximated to reality. At a later stage they were weighed in the balance and found wanting, precisely because we then discovered the extent to which they fail to approximate to reality.

The truth is that all our advances in philosophy and science only make it more and more certain that we can never really know or understand everything. Always, to increase the circle of knowledge is to lengthen the dark circumference of the circle, at which the man who knows what lies within the circle finds himself on the edge of the unknown. The real world is God's world, and the real world must always be on the edge of our world.

It is inconceivable that the task of science should ever be concluded. It moves on and on, always approximating to reality, yet never entirely comprehending it. In science, to complete one task is always to be confronted with the next task, and the chief mark of the successful theory is not so much the way in which it helps us to answer our previous questions as the way in which it helps us to formulate new ones. The world of physical reality always transcends and runs ahead of the world of our scientific knowledge. Science advances into the realm of physical reality rather as Napoleon and Hitler advanced into Russia. Both of them won many victories, but always there remained vast open spaces for retreat, and the Russians withdrew

before them until, exhausted at last, the invaders could go no further.

The same thing is true in philosophy, and certainly the same thing is true in Christianity. Christianity opens up the very heart of reality to us. We can enter into the world of the Christian revelation and know many mysteries and understand much knowledge, but we can never get to the bottom of Christianity, precisely because it has no bottom. What is known is indeed well known, but the more we know the more vividly we are reminded of the infinite extent of what remains unknown. God reveals Himself to men in Jesus Christ and in some sense makes Himself known, and yet, in the very act of making Himself known, in some sense leaves Himself unknown. The same thing is true not only of God but also of our dearest and most intimate friends. A man may live with his wife, loving and loved, for forty years, and yet confess that, well known as his wife is to him, she yet remains in some sense unknown. She still retains the capacity to surprise him.

We can never know all mysteries and understand all knowledge, and this is as true in the near and intimate experiences of life as in the great experiences which we try to interpret in science, philosophy, and religion. Always what we know in knowledge is that the world of our knowledge is under the judgment and must have its end, that our world, in other words, is not God's world, and that God's world is the only possible world without end.—*Home Service*

## Short Story

# 'Tyger, Tyger . . .'

By JAMES WALKER

**A**ND if your father were here', his mother said, 'he'd punish you. Hard, do you hear? I know what you're up to—and you know, perfectly well, that there's no such thing as a tiger in your bed'.

'Under the bed', he corrected, tentatively, but with a note of impatience at her inaccuracy.

'Or anywhere!' she said. 'And you know there isn't. Perfectly well'.

'Yes', he said, looking at his shoes, away from her face. It was a very white face, just now, with strained lines in it around the mouth that was hanging a little open, as Jenny the goldfish's did in the bowl. And it was much too close, too, like Jenny's when you pressed your nose on the glass and she was just the other side of it, shaking. His mother let go of his shoulders and straightened up. He could feel her looking down at him curiously, and he threw a quick glance up under his brows. Her head was a little on one side; he could hear her breathing.

'Now go out and play in the garden'. She put her hand on the top of his head, moving it a little, not unkindly. But he bent his knees and squirmed away underneath.

'Yes', he said, and went slowly towards the french windows, dragging his feet.

'And don't drag your feet. And don't sulk, Richard. And remember, no more of this nonsense'.

'No', he said, without looking back.

But all the same, he knew with all the con-

viction of childhood that there *was* a tiger under his bed, whose breathing he could hear in the silence and darkness, quite loud and terrifying. It had been there for several nights now, and each night its breathing grew closer. Soon it would eat him up, and nobody would believe him, and everyone would be sorry. But he wouldn't know that they were because he would be all eaten up inside the tiger.

Except Andy. Andy would believe him. Andy knew which things you had to believe really and truly and which ones you only pretended to believe, in a game. Andy knew everything, and if he could find Andy now and tell him that it was a really and truly thing, Andy would know what to do.

He began to kick the fallen leaves along the path, shuffling through them towards the corner that led to the woodshed, where Andy might be stacking logs. Every now and again, in case his mother was watching from the window, he stopped, to make her think he was not really going there. If he could go under the leaves, like a mole, she couldn't see him. But he would have to be smaller to do that, and the leaves bigger.

His mother was in fact watching him and she knew where he was going. But she did not call him back. Instead, she went to the bureau and sat down to finish a letter she was writing to his father, who was away.

'Richard', she wrote, 'is really being too im-

possible. I don't know where he gets all his ideas, or where he learns such monkey tricks as he is up to now. He really must be taken seriously in hand when you get back, and not laughed at, or encouraged. I do my best, and it has some effect. His latest piece of devilry is pretending to be afraid of the dark, because of tigers under his bed or some such nonsense. But of course I saw through it at once as a trick to get into my room at nights while you're away, or to have a night-light, and I have refused to play up at all—though of course he can be very wheedling and it wasn't easy. He's just gone off with a flea in his ear about it. I was very determined, and I don't think we'll hear much more of *that* little dodge. He's gone off in search of Andy—and that's another thing we must talk about when you get back. I think Andy is having too much influence on him, of the wrong kind . . .'

Richard came back in a very quiet and obedient mood. He surprised her by going up to bed that night not only without fear, or without further reference to the tiger, but almost eagerly. Convinced of victory she added a triumphant postscript to her letter.

The next morning he failed to come into her room at the earliest possible moment as he had lately been doing. When she went into his he was leaning over the edge of the bed talking soothingly to himself. He stopped at once,



guiltily, and smiled at her with an innocence so pronounced as to be almost malevolent. She said nothing to him to betray her triumph and gave him a piggy-back downstairs, rehearsing in her mind another letter to his father.

He was what she called 'as good as gold' for several days afterwards, until the day of the Jumble Sale in the Church Hall. The Hall stood on a patch of sandy gravel beyond the high hedge of their garden. Richard came running breathlessly into the house from the garden, where she had sent him to play. He was in a frenzy of excitement. His mother was pulling the vacuum-cleaner over the drawing-room carpet.

'It's Toothey!' he called, almost before he was within range of her. 'Oh, mother, it's Toothey! I've found him! He's in the Jungle Sale! Toothey's in the Jungle Sale! Oh, mother, come quick and buy him. It's Toothey!'

'What's the matter with you?' she said, 'Why are you so excited? Who's Toothey?'

'Toothey. *Toothey*. My tiger. The tiger under my bed'.

She switched off the vacuum and regarded him sternly, her mouth set.

'Now, Richard', she began at last. 'If you're going to start that again —'

'But he's there', he said, dancing up and down with excitement and impatience. 'He's there in the Jungle Sale. I seen him. I seen him'.

'I told you to stay in the garden', she said calmly. 'How did you get in to the sale? Who took you?'

'Nobody. Just me. I saw all the people through the hedge. I went through the 'ole. Mr. Brown let me go in'.

'Then Mr. Brown had no right to let you go in. And you had no business going through the hedge. I told you to stay in the garden'.

'Toothey', said Richard, on a long sigh. 'Oh, Mother, *please* come and buy him'.

She looked at him for a long time, then switched on the cleaner again with an air of dismissal.

'Certainly not', she said. 'Go back and play in the garden. And stay there this time'.

His reaction astounded her. He backed away from her with his hands clenched, and his face working furiously.

'I won't', he said. 'I'll go and take him. I hate you'.

He made a quick rush forward and kicked the vacuum-cleaner viciously, before rushing out into the garden. She was dumbfounded. However grudgingly, he had always obeyed her before and the most he had ever done was to sulk. She felt the blood tingling in her cheeks, and an unreasoning fear taking hold of the back of her neck. Her hand was trembling as she switched off the current, and the silence after the noise settled on the room coldly like a kind of snow.

She crossed to the window and was just in time to see him crawling through the hole in the hedge. Panic and anger seized her together.

'Richard!' she called, hurrying towards him. 'Richard! Come back here at once! *At once*, do you hear?'

But he was already through the hedge, and striding resolutely towards the Church Hall. She ran to the gate, and across. He began to run, and then, as she approached him, suddenly stopped and faced her. Unable to control herself, she went straight up to him and boxed his ears. He stood there looking at her with his

mouth working; then, just as she became aware of the Vicar's wife coming out of the Hall and looking towards them, he broke away from her, flung himself full length on the gravel, and sobbed with a concentrated, frightening abandon. She was horrified at herself, at him, and at the situation.

'Richard', she said, coaxingly, 'Richard. Please. For goodness' sake'.

Someone was crunching towards them over the gravel. She turned her back on the Hall, in a panic, and bent to pick him up. He struggled feebly for a moment, then allowed himself to be lifted to his feet. Her instinct was to shake him into submission. But partly because of his tear-wet face, partly because she thought the Vicar's wife was coming over, she smoothed his hair gently and said in her most soothing voice: 'Darling, this is very naughty of you. Come now, behave, and we'll see'.

The steps in the gravel were close behind her, and Richard looked up over her shoulder towards the Hall. The transformation in his face was immediate and startling. His mouth opened in a kind of incredulous joy and his eyes shone. Following his gaze she saw Andy just behind her, holding a stuffed rag tiger by one paw and smiling. She straightened and turned, defeated, deflated, angry.

'Afternoon, Mam', said Andy. 'Master Richard. Fall an' 'urt yourself?'

Richard shook his head.

'Slippy stuff, this gravel', said Andy. 'Still, no 'arm, by the look'.

'No', she said, her eyes on the tiger. 'We were just going back. What is that?'

'Toothey', said Richard, waiting with shining eyes.

'This?' said Andy. 'Oh, it's just something I thought Master Richard might maybe 'ave a fancy for. With your permission, Mam, I'd like to give it to 'im'.

Richard looked from one to the other. Something in his expression, suddenly and in spite of her resentment, quickened her to tenderness.

'Give it to him if you like'.

Richard surprised her again by flinging his arms around her knees in a quick and awkward hug, before taking the tiger from Andy. She heard him mumbling ecstatic thanks, but there was a throbbing of blood in her ears and she felt strangely isolated, as though she were going to faint. She closed her eyes.

'Feelin' all right, Mam?'

'Yes', she said, pulling herself together. 'I'm sorry. I'm quite all right. Let's go back to the house'.

Richard ran towards the hedge, and she suppressed an involuntary injunction to him to use the gate. She walked towards it herself with Andy. A sycamore leaf fell between them, and lay on the ground like an animal nestling down. 'Andy', she said, 'What is all this Toothey business? What's it all about?'

'Well, Mam', said Andy, with a smile. 'It was just a little trick—about the tiger under the bed, you know'.

'Yes, I know. It was very silly and very naughty. I hope you didn't encourage him'.

Andy gave her a long, frank look.

'Not encourage, Mam. But there's some things you can't contradict with kids, sometimes. An' when Master Richard told me about 'is tiger, I knew it was no use telling 'im it wasn't there. 'E knew it was, and that was that. So instead I told 'im it was nothing to be feared

of—an *old* tiger, I told 'im, named Toothey because it 'ad lost all its teeth and couldn't fight nor look after itself no more, like it used to. An' I told 'im it came to 'im and slept under 'is bed because it knew it could trust 'im to look after it an see it come to no 'arm. That it 'ad no other friend in the world, except 'im'.

'I see'. After a moment's silence she said, 'That was very clever of you, Andy'.

'Not really, Mam, begging your pardon. An' this 'ere toy, when I saw it, I just thought that's it. That'll do, that'll do fine to take Master Richard's mind from under the bed'.

'Yes', she said. 'I think it probably will'.

Richard was sitting on the steps hugging the tiger and waiting for them happily. His happiness stabbed her.

'Richard', she said as she walked up the steps, 'why don't you and Toothey go and help Andy do the logs?'

'Yes!' said Richard, 'Oh, yes! Yes, Mother!'

Inside the house she sat on the window seat looking out into the garden. The sun made a quivering dapple of shadow through the sycamore leaves around Andy and Richard as they strolled down the walk, deep in conversation, the tiger dangling from Richard's side. Richard was listening with eagerness to all that Andy was saying. She noticed in a shaft of clear light tumbling on them how dirty Andy's hands were; she noticed, too, the extraordinarily trusting and companionable way in which Richard took one of them and laughed into Andy's face. And all of a sudden, softly but uncontrollably, and without quite understanding the reason, she began to cry.—*Light Programme*

## Winter Pictures

### 1.

The pool within the Tuileries  
traps and holds the floating swan;  
as though by fairy arts each bough  
a silver filigree puts on.

Urns sprout flowers of white hoar-frost;  
arbours are hung with pearly veils;  
the surface of the snow is marked  
with little stars where birds left trails.

And by the plinth where, half-undraped,  
Venus stands jostling Phocion,  
Winter has posed his sculpture too:  
*The Trembling Girl* by Clodion.

### 2.

Under the trees the ladies' pass  
in sables, mink and minever;  
and every chilly marble nymph,  
like them, puts on her winter fur.

Venus Anadyomene  
is cloaked and hooded in new stuff;  
and Flora, ruffled by the breeze  
conceals her two hands in her muff.

And for a while the shepherd girls  
whom sculptors fashioned long ago  
find their loose robes too scanty, and  
about their throats twist scarves  
of snow

BRIAN HILL  
after Théophile Gautier's '*Fantaisies d'hiver*'



# Is Television Bad for Children?

GEOFFREY GORER reviews the recent report by the Nuffield Foundation

**E**ACH time in this century that mass communication has acquired another medium, older people, for whom this medium is a novelty, have blamed it for all the defects they can see in the young—criminality, lawlessness, precocity, disrespect. The cinema, sound radio (at one time the serial 'Dick Barton' was frequently cited as the cause of juvenile delinquency), and television have all in turn been blamed for the naughtiness of the young, and commissions, either academic or governmental or both, have been set up to try to discover just what mischief these novel techniques of communication do achieve.

Invariably, the results of these investigations are predominantly negative; although the investigators personally dislike and criticize some of the material diffused, they are unable to demonstrate that the mass communications do in fact exert any measurable influence of any importance. This, of course, is not a surprising result; but there seem to be groups of people in most countries, particularly perhaps in Britain and the U.S.A., who have an almost paranoid belief in the efficacy of propaganda or advertisement. It is to quiet them that the various researches are undertaken; but since their fears are not rational in any case, it is doubtful whether these demonstrations have any more effect on them than do the various media on the children who are the object of their anxious solicitude.

A recent survey, *Television and the Child*, is one more such demonstration, sponsored by the Nuffield Foundation at the suggestion of the Audience Research Department of the B.B.C., and carried out by Dr. Hilde Himmelweit and her colleagues\*. Within its limits, which will be discussed later, the main body of the research is the most carefully designed and scrupulously carried out study of the effect of communications in the literature. Four thousand five hundred school-children were given a preliminary testing and investigation in order to get 1,854 children divided into two groups matched by sex, age, social class (on the rather gross two-class criterion of 'middle' and 'working' class based on the father's occupation), and intelligence (I.Q.s over 115; 100-114; and below 100), so that each viewer was matched as closely as possible with a control who differed, as far as these criteria are concerned, only by not being exposed to television.

If consistent differences in aggressivity or passivity, in industry or laziness in school, in the manifestations of neurotic fear, disturbed sleep, bad eyesight or inability to read had been found to be more marked among the viewers than the controls, then it could be argued that television had been demonstrated to be the cause of these

defects. Similarly, if the viewers had been consistently more intelligent, or curious, or better informed, then television could be given the credit for these results. But in point of fact, this elaborate and classically designed research comes up with almost entirely negative answers: television deserves neither the blame nor the praise which has been accorded to it in many quarters; it occupies more of the watchers' leisure time than any other activity (on the average, two hours a day), but it cannot be demonstrated that, on the whole, it is either beneficial



Henry Grant

or harmful. It is, in the most literal sense of the word, a pastime.

The main research was conducted among children from primary, secondary modern, and grammar schools in London, Bristol, Portsmouth, and Sunderland, and was based on questionnaires and diaries filled out by the school-children themselves and on judgments made by their teachers. A further, and very interesting, check was made on the children of Norwich, which town, in 1955, could not get television; when a transmitter was erected in 1956 Dr. Himmelweit was able to pinpoint the differences between those families who acquired television and those who did not. This demonstrated that much of the behaviour which had been ascribed to television, such as slack discipline in the home, reliance on ready-made entertainment, and so on, were in point of fact predispositions: it was not television which made children stay up late, it was the parents who did not fuss about their children's bedtime who acquired television.

Sociologically, Dr. Himmelweit's most important documentation concerns the bedtime of English children, establishing that the pattern of early bedtime which is current in the upper middle class and which underlies the program-

ming of 'children's hour' and the hiatus in transmissions between 6.0 and 7.30 which occurred in the B.B.C. during the period of the research—1955—does not correspond with the habits of the other social classes (nor, I should say, of other regions outside the south; but Dr. Himmelweit had only one northern city in her sample, and does not treat this region separately); the mean bedtime for children between 10 and 11 was 8.45, between 13 and 14 an hour later; and television advanced this by at most twenty minutes. Consequently, most children watch a considerable number of the programmes intended for adults, and almost invariably prefer them to 'children's television'.

In so far as television has any influence, it is a leveller; it makes the dull brighter, and the bright duller. The duller the child, the more likely he or she is to be an enthusiastic watcher; but the real addicts are likely to be emotionally disturbed children, the insecure, the shy, the lonely. If they do not have television, then they will give correspondingly more time to comics or the cinema. Television replaces these pastimes to a certain extent, and also aimless playing about and reading; but, with the intelligent children, reading resumes its earlier importance as soon as the novelty of television has worn off.

Because of the demands of neatness for the factorial design of her sample, Dr. Himmelweit had to restrict her children to two age-groups, 10-11 and 13-14. Her information on children under 10 is very slight, confined to a few interviews with mothers; and she has no information at all on the over-14s. It was this group, with its harder school tasks, which, in my own investigation, found that television interfered with their homework; my investigation was conducted in winter, Dr. Himmelweit's in a warm May, and this also may help to account for the fact that she rates its disturbance of homework much less than I should. The very neatness of the research sample makes extrapolation from May 1955 extremely difficult.

Dr. Himmelweit investigated the frightening or disturbing effects of television with great thoroughness and reaches the same conclusion as, with much less evidence, I had done. Children are not in any way disturbed by the 'violence' of cowboy films, and only by detective or murder plays if the situation be realistic or the moral standards of the characters ambiguous. They are, however, disturbed by ridicule, anger, or pain in real-life situations; and they find knives much more frightening than guns. The children are made unhappy by some panel games, interviews, realistic classical plays, prize fights; not by dead cowboys.

Her investigations of the emotional impact of



television on children led into much the weakest part of this study: the chapters on content analysis. On theoretical grounds, there is a good deal to be said for studying what is communicated as well as the effect of communications; but in this study it has been done very inadequately. When the main study was made, I.T.V. had not started; but in the spring of 1956 she and her colleagues studied thirteen plays and three documentaries and five chapters of some serials; and, on this very small documentation, she erects a superstructure of analysis and criticism which is completely out of proportion to her data. The criteria she uses have oddly idiosyncratic value judgments, which resemble

nothing so much as the values of 'socialist realism'; television plays are censured because 'television offers so few characters who are confident, good and happy and so serve as suitable models for the child'. Zhdanov could not have phrased it better. And some of the suggestions for the modification of programmes have a similar manic undertone: television should be manipulated to do the children good, irrespective of their, or their parents', wishes.

Apart from this section, this is a first-class piece of research; and its emphasis on the importance of the character and predispositions of the child, rather than on the effect of the medium of communication, a most valuable

corrective. The best that television can do is to increase the range of interests and information among the less intelligent children, though it is unlikely to spur them into any activity, beyond perhaps reading the book of an enjoyed serial; the worst that it can do is to waste the time and make more nervous poorly adjusted children who would otherwise find means of wasting time and becoming anxious elsewhere. Compared with the predispositions and nervous constitution of the child, the atmosphere and values of his home, the impact of television is inconsiderable. In so far as it is harmful, television watching is a symptom, not a cause, of neurotic disturbance.

# The Listener's General Knowledge Paper

## A test of skill for Christmas

[The following competition is primarily designed for readers who may be at leisure during the Christmas holiday, to test them on their listening to one or other of the B.B.C.'s domestic services during the year. For any who feel prompted to send in a set of answers, envelopes containing them should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, 35 Marylebone High Street, London, W.1, marked 'General Knowledge' in the left-hand top corner, and should arrive not later than first post on Thursday, January 1. Prizes will be awarded for the most nearly correct solution, of a book token value £2 2s. and a consolation prize of a book token value £1 1s. In the event of many correct solutions arriving, prizes will be awarded for the first two opened. The Editor's decision is final.]

### I In news bulletins or in 'current events' programmes during 1958:

- (i) How did Nelson appear to swim against the tide?
- (ii) What 58-year-old took what 81-year-old's place?
- (iii) Who met who in Brioni and who joined them?
- (iv) Who rode 'High and Mighty' to win what for the second time?
- (v) What birthday cake was 18 feet high and weighed five tons?
- (vi) Which poet died aged 77?
- (vii) What sporting man got kidnapped and where?
- (viii) Who talked to a Mohawk chief at Niagara?
- (ix) Who was given a rifle in the Khyber Pass?
- (x) What link was renewed between Cornwall and Wales?

### II Quotations at the microphone during the year:

- (i) 'Do you know, John, I wish I could score like I scored then!' When, and who said it to whom?
- (ii) 'They have a right to take part in the pageant of the Muses, but they should keep their place'. Who are 'they' and who said it?
- (iii) 'Just as real as if some giant had hewn a great lump out of the earth and put it under a glass case'. What and who wrote it and who quoted it with pride?
- (iv) 'Cleanliness is next to godliness and combs are a penny each'. Who preached a sermon on this theme?

- (v) 'Go out into the sunlight and be happy with what you see'. Whose advice and who quoted it to which special B.B.C. audience?
- (vi) 'The mood and temper of the public with regard to the treatment of crime and criminals is one of the most unfailing tests of the civilization of any country'. Who said, holding what office at the time?
- (vii) 'I behave demurely and give no trouble'. Who wrote to whom, holding what rank?
- (viii) 'A writer who truly understands music'. Who said of whom?
- (ix) 'Git thar fastest with the mostest'. Whose conception of strategy was this, and in what war?
- (x) 'I take the best chair, ask for a stiffish Scotch and soda, grab the lady of the house and start straight in with funny stories about my old car'. Who?

### III 1958 Art:

- (i) Whose paintings were exhibited in a parish church in Berkshire?
- (ii) Whose 'Boy with the Red Jacket' sold for £220,000?
- (iii) Who carved his largest work in white Travertine marble and where was it set up?
- (iv) On what were Silenus and a maenad seen to dance?
- (v) What painter's ceiling of 1708 is being restored and where?

### IV 1958 Art Exhibitions: who painted:

- (i) Trompette de la Garde?
- (ii) Portrait of a Degenerate Artist (1937)?
- (iii) A Blot: Landscape Composition?
- (iv) Portrait of Forbes-Robertson (as a young man)?
- (v) The Valley of the Tajo?
- (vi) Compotier et Poires (1930)?
- (vii) Sir Richard Arkwright?
- (viii) On the Threshold of Liberty?
- (ix) Echo?
- (x) Blind Man's Buff?

### V In the following anecdotes broadcast during 1958, who is the italicized person referred to in the following?

- (i) Don't let *the Governor* hear you say 'ryal'.
- (ii) The power of the sword which God hath placed in *my* hand.
- (iii) I'm very fond of your father. Do you know why? Because he always laughed at *my* jokes.
- (iv) Won't you take a cup of cawfee, *my dear creature*?

- (v) *I* hear you intend to spend your life writing novels . . . Well, *I* shouldn't if I were you.
- (vi) Tell them, *I* know of only one bird that talks, and it can't fly very high.
- (vii) Tell *Bertie* to wear a hat at my funeral. It'll be more respectable.
- (viii) To drink tea from 4-6 would try the constitution of the most hardened tea-drinker; to *me* who hardly ever touch it, it would probably be fatal.
- (ix) Clearer than Scafell Pike *my* heart has stamped on  
The view from Birmingham to Wolver-  
hampton.
- (x) Sir Ferdinand Frog, of course. *I* remember him when he was a junior major in 'The Pinks'.

### VI With what particular run of television programmes in 1958 do you associate:

- (i) Richard Dimbleby?
- (ii) Christopher Mayhew, M.P.?
- (iii) General Sir Brian Horrocks?
- (iv) Norman Fisher?
- (v) Glyn Daniel?
- (vi) Cliff Michelmore?
- (vii) Aidan Crawley?
- (viii) Huw Wheldon?
- (ix) Jack Warner?
- (x) Armand and Michaela Denis?

### VII Within the B.B.C.:

- (i) What Chairman succeeded what other Chairman?
- (ii) What Director received an accolade?
- (iii) What Director was appointed to what special new directorate?
- (iv) Whose voices were the first to describe the ceremony of the Queen opening Parliament?
- (v) Who became the new Controller of the Third Programme?
- (vi) Who is the Controller of Programmes, Television?
- (vii) What programme had a 2,000th birthday?
- (viii) Which foreign correspondent reported smoke signals?
- (ix) Who is the B.B.C.'s regular Paris correspondent?
- (x) Who has been asked to write a history of the B.B.C.?

[It is not to be denied that assiduous readers of THE LISTENER during the year are likely to have nearly as good a chance with these questions as the keenest listeners to the wireless.]





(Illustration: Radio Times Hulton Picture Library)

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# The Listener

JANUARY 1st, 8th & 15th NUMBERS



# Letters to the Editor

## The Reith Lectures

Sir,—It is indeed sad that Professor Lovell's lectures are over for they have been fascinating, and we all extend to him grateful thanks.

He has put us all into two camps, however. Are we as cosmologists now pro primeval atom or continuous creation? What I think wants to be made patently clear, and indeed it must be galling to the materialist, is that in both schools of thought we end up with the supernatural. Now it is a curious thing but true that most people are prepared to accept the supernatural provided it was long enough ago.

I may be prejudiced but even hundreds of thousands of millions of years ago makes the possible existence and explosion of the primeval atom (a few million miles in diameter) a tough piece of dogma to accept. Continuous creation however is with us every day, perhaps unnoticed, but is not life animating the foetus just such a miracle of creation, that must for ever transcend our intelligence? I find the possible creation of one atom of hydrogen per cubic meter of space once in 300,000 years (which is what is required for continuous creation of the galaxies) child's play to accept compared with the primeval atom.

May I conclude with some words of Dixon in *The Human Situation*, where he attacks those who hold the opinion that miracles occurred only in the past, hoping that 'they will abandon, too, the notion of God who made the world, and then, being weary, went into retirement'.

Yours, etc.

BRABAZON OF TARA

Sir,—I fear that no useful purpose would be served by continuing the controversy with Mr. Adler and Mr. Kelly; anybody seriously interested in the argument will be able to reach his own conclusions by retracing its steps from your issue of December 18 to Professor Lovell's first lecture.

Why is it so difficult to drive a simple point home? Let me try once more: if it were proven that Moses was an Egyptian, as Freud maintained, and Jesus of Nazareth merely a skilled magician, as Bruno maintained, the 'oceanic feeling' of religious experience would still retain its validity. *Vice versa*, if the doctrines of modern physics were to collapse, as Aristotelian physics or nineteenth-century mechanism collapsed, the scientific approach to the universe would still retain its validity. Lastly, there exists a connexion between these two types of experience, as between communicating vessels; the Pythagoreans and Plato were aware of this; the Renaissance philosophers of nature were aware of it; so were Planck and Einstein. When a civilization loses this awareness, it means a loss of mental balance and is a danger-sign.

Yours, etc.,

Weald

A. KOESTLER

## A Computer-controlled World?

Sir,—I read with interest the talk in *THE LISTENER* of December 11, 'A Computer-controlled World?', by Dr. A. D. Booth on Network Three.

The device referred to on the second page, the 'Electronic Reading Automaton (ERA)', which, incidentally, is the most advanced equip-

ment for high accuracy character recognition available anywhere in the world, is unfortunately not correctly portrayed on the first page of the talk. The photograph on that page shows a product of another division of the Solartron Electronic Group—the 'Minispace' analogue computer.

Here I would point out that Dr. Booth refers only to the role of *digital* computers in the world of tomorrow. To avoid misunderstanding I must emphasize that the *analogue* computer, an entirely different animal, has an equally important role in the automated future for the



Electronic Reading Automaton (ERA)

world, particularly as an engineering design tool. These machines, as their name implies, are used to produce an electrical analogy of an existing or projected dynamic system; and whether it be a simple pendulum, a car suspension system, a large structure subjected to wind forces, an aeroplane, a petrol refinery, or an entire complex nuclear reactor power station, the principle is the same.—Yours, etc.,

The Solartron Electronic Group Ltd. D. H. LORD  
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## Gunpowder in Asian Politics

Sir,—The talk on 'Gunpowder in Asian Politics' (*THE LISTENER*, December 11) was of deep interest to me, an ancient ex-officer of the Indian Police—but some remarks are difficult. 'The Indian Army kept the peace from Aden and Mombasa to Singapore and Hong Kong. No wonder Lord Bryce smelt gunpowder'. Whence? From practice on the ranges, a little compared to Bisley? Surely that smell, otherwise, would come from peace broken, not kept! Indeed, the removal of the Indian Army from all those seaports had led to much violence, followed by despatch of whole British divisions. Is that a triumph for British-Asiatic democracy?

Also the acceptance of that guard-responsibility would have increased India's own position, like that for the Korea Armistice. Refusal was like Eire's base denial of the Bantry base. But the Indian Army's greatest peace value was in India. When it split in two, came the 1947 Punjab vast horror of atrocities (about which

the London press seemed to practise an unnatural hush-hush).

But we must think of the future. *The Observer* had a short article about a most interesting meeting outside Delhi Fort, ancient seat of Empire, of 300 aged heroes with youthful memories of bomb-throwing, the old orthodox more or less Tilakito crowd. The writer seemed to accept the official version that it had 'no political significance'; just a sort of tape-record of these ancients, for posterity. To me this is completely 'all my eye and Betty Martin'. For one thing, the orthodox Brahmin leader is not one for such western television silly conceits. As somebody said, the old bomb-throwers made Gandhi's success possible. Perhaps. And then, when he ousted the British, they ousted Gandhi; and they are still very much there. Their parliamentary party is weak. What of it? British Communists cannot win one seat, but both main parties find them an infernal 'nuisance value'. Nehru also and his men, extremely capable, could not have held India together but for the British Generals' bequest of a well-trained loyal Army and admirable 'Sandhurst' high commanders.

Now, as the B.B.C. talk said, the soldier elements, Sikh (also Ját), Rajput, Maratha, etc., have much pride in their tradition. Yes, and in their caste. If the Brahmins were 'top', Rajputs and other soldiers were second with claims (maintained, especially in villages—i.e., most of India) to a better position than lower clod-hopper castes, let alone outcasts (abolished by Act of Parliament, what humbug!). The old 'British go home' extremists were orthodox, for all their lip-service detesting Gandhi's philosophy and programme of levelling castes. The soldier castes also detest the idea, at least many or most of them, the best soldiers. They are disciplined and retain loyalty to Nehru's régime. But, at heart, how do they regard our levelling democracy, liberalism? As the author said, Nehru had to be careful with the Sikhs. Also with the Marathas (and their Brahmins) to whom he gave way over Maharashtra Province. Also with Rajputs, giving their princes at least honourable offices, with plenty of rupees.

But if it came to the push would the Army, in general, incline to our sort of democracy, or to their old political managers of the Hindu dispensation, lately demonstrating (with no political significance!) outside Delhi Fort?

'That two-handed engine . . .': yes, but it depends on the quality of the 'hands', as Oliver C. and John M. knew better than any. Officers can't lead revolting other ranks.—Yours, etc.,

Berkhamsted

O. C. G. HAYTER

## No Poetry in Railways

Sir,—The following verse appeared in *The New Dover Guide* of 1893 and is a further example of the dramatic impact that the early railway age had upon the stalwart travellers:

The saying that the world must end in smoke  
Seems true in these last days of steam and coke  
When the loud engine on the iron rails  
O'er ancient ties and sympathies prevails.  
Homeless and counting love of home a dream  
From land to land we pass, in clouds of steam.

Yours, etc.,

Enfield

M. WRIGHT





The south front of Hatfield, with 'the first-floor windows of the long gallery running the length of the house'

## A Memory of Christmas at Hatfield

By LADY HARDINGE

**I** REMEMBER, as a child, sitting on the stairs of my home quietly weeping, and my father asking 'What's the matter?' I said: 'I think I want to go to Hatfield'.

Hatfield House spelt happiness for me especially at Christmas. My memory of arriving there is clear but odd. I have no recollection of the journey until our horse's hooves crunched on the gravel of the north front. I was met off the train by a one-horse brougham. From the railway side the large Tudor house showed as a dark mass against the evening sky. Then round the west wing, with me in a state of mounting excitement, to the quadrangle of the south front, where the building blazed with light. I would look up to the first-floor windows of the long gallery running the length of the house, to see the gold ceiling reflected in light. I felt as if powerful angelic wings might be bearing me aloft instead of my quietly descending from the brougham to the gentle attentiveness of old servants; and then climbing the stairs, where the true fragrance of the house reached me: the beautiful old woods and the panelling combined with the warmth of the house to give out lovely subtle and varied scents.

A door now opened into the brightness of the long gallery and the walk along a polished floor down the length of the room to the tea-tables. It always seemed to be teatime when I

arrived. On my right were large, high, uncurtained windows, the ones through which I had looked on arrival. On my left were two fireplaces, a tea-table and tall vases of greenery alongside each. Finding the tea-table at which my best beloved aunt presided was important. She was usually at the second one, although you couldn't be sure. It was confusing; there were a great many people and tea had already started. I felt at home and at peace when I reached her, and could look round me.

This plunge into the life of a large and vigorous community was overwhelming. To start with I felt myself a spectator, and I think my im-

pressions were particularly vivid then. The party consisted of many powerful and—one would have thought—incompatible personalities. One of my aunts—a remarkable woman, a brilliant Johnsonian conversationalist—was engaged on some writing which necessitated research at Hatfield House. She was unconscious of what we call 'clock time'. When hunting for her someone would exclaim 'Of course—Aunt T . . . is in the cellar!' This was not so peculiar as it sounds, as papers were kept there, in the safe. The safe also had peculiarities. One of my Cecil cousins pointed out that though its door was fireproof the rest was not.

Fires did break out sometimes. The housemaids, on clearing out the grates, used to place the ashes in wooden buckets and tidy these away in a cupboard behind the panelling. The ashes would stay quiet for a while and then break into a blaze. In the discovery of these conflagrations, the erratic quality of the family's life had great value. There was always someone who should have been elsewhere, who had remembered what it was they had forgotten upstairs and gone to fetch it; or else had forgotten altogether to come down to a meal; or had forgotten to go upstairs to bed. And though the family were usually absorbed in their occupations, and this was frequently conversation, yet the smell of burning reached them. Then, as



The long gallery



the whole place, owing to previous outbreaks, was a mass of fire buckets, bells, alarums, hoses, and gadgets with glass over them saying 'Break in case of fire', no real damage was done.

The Cecil cousins were long and lanky; animated in discussion or withdrawn when checked by a point that needed rethinking. But in spite of the noise and heat of argument I never heard a voice raised in anger in that house. We had complete freedom except that we were not free to be rude. No ill-considered statement passed unchallenged. One thing that made Hatfield so distracting and delicious was that conversation was not ruled by age: you were allowed to speak and taken seriously, however young you were. The youngest member of the family, for instance, might be heard saying: 'I would much rather Disraeli had not been Prime Minister. He was a great author and his being a Prime Minister was a waste of time—someone else could have done that! No one else could write his books'.

The conversations were broken up by the chapel bell, which rang like a loud fire gong and continued for a full minute. It was the call to communal worship which brought unity to this home. The chapel was full and a gallery round the top accommodated those who were late.

Then there were the nurseries, presided over by 'old Nanny'. She represented eternity: generation after generation was welcomed by her. Her countenance was sweet and serene. Her sister Ellen was housekeeper. Ellen had a lovely room on the ground floor, which was popular with the young who would call through the window to talk and be given delicious fruit—and at any hour.

After dinner there were charades and the helter-skelter race to the fancy-dress chest. The clothes were Jacobean, and fun to wear. The north bay of the long gallery was the theatre, and this could be curtained off. Many historical props were used for these representations, scandalizing antiquarians who came to the house: James I's cradle often held strange adolescent figures stuffed into its capacious frame.

Then there was the 'letter game'. A number of letters face downwards on the table, a crowd is seated round, and each person turns up a letter. As soon as possible they made what they saw into a word and shouted this out. It was like snap, but the words had to answer a question that had already been put. I remember one question: 'Who would you least expect to find in this house?' The usual jumble of letters was turned up and like a flash one of the guests said 'Satan'. There was a fiendish card game called 'racing demon' which I loved.

After breakfast on Christmas Eve we all collected round the tree and began decorating. Too-great individualists, unless they had decorative genius, did their work at the back of the tree because the front must be an achievement; and all must go to its glory. The decorating took all the morning. After lunch there was talk

round the long gallery fires, then an excursion to help my uncle build a bonfire and light it far off in the garden—a splendid occupation. We got gloriously dirty and, returning, changed into tidy clothes. In a ceremonial evening hour, in darkness, the tree—on a marble dais—was lit and shed its magic beauty along the chequered floor. It was transformed from its overdressed daylight appearance—transformed and radiant.

The hall was full of people come together for

arms held dim red lanterns only, and by this faint illumination, slightly reflected in the marble floor, one was expected to find 'Old Mrs. Smith—you know—the one who lives in "New Town!"'. At the foot of the tree there was light and bustle and parcels being given and received. But the best of all was when the choir in the hall sang 'Noel'. There was stillness for this as the sweet, pure voices rose in songs of adoration, and for me this moment held beauty

and eternity. I would stand by my aunt. She had the richest personality and sense of humour I ever met.

There was a quietness now until dinner: dinner in the big dining-room, from the gallery of which hung Napoleon's Waterloo eagles, and from whose panelled walls Queen Elizabeth, her gown covered in eyes and ears, watched us eating an enormous meal, of which she herself would have thought nothing. Late to bed, happily talking and dawdling was a delight. Thoughts and joys expanded in the unrestricted atmosphere. Nobody said 'Do hurry!' 'Why are you making such a noise?', 'Why don't you say something?', or 'Why don't you shut up?'.

On Christmas morning, darkness outside, in the chapel candlelight and kneeling figures, and once more before God. All the faculties of those present were absorbed in dedication. So many different strong personalities in humble adoration of the Saviour. It was not just habit and beautiful words, it was for us our hold on unending life and our strength on earth. After the service we would go to the library. There was an upper gallery, where one could sit and listen to the talk of one's elders in the room below, or read one's book instead.

On going up to one's room, one was apt to get stuck in the lift. The lift had been one of the earliest electric ones. It bore a resemblance to—but was less reliable than—the chariot which took Elijah aloft, and being unable to rise straight to heaven through the lead roof, it remained stuck there. Or, you pressed a button and sailed upwards to midway between the two top floors. There you stopped. This experience would upset visitors. It did not upset my aunt. There was a seat in the lift and she always had her correspondence with her and would settle down to deal with it until rescued.

There is little more that I could say of my childhood's visits to this house of abiding happiness: the whirling dances in the long gallery; the sight of two cousins, a brother and sister, waltzing in harmony—tall, graceful, spinning, endlessly remote in companionable silence. Music, light, swirling movement, life and laughter—the high gold ceiling above all: the great windows uncurtained, framing the stars beyond; the glorious warmth of the rooms.

There, I learned about politics, science, the stars, the universe, and the glory of God, from listening to the witty conversation of all my relations. It was there that I learned of the strong spiritual forces which rule men's hearts; there that I learned to love and enjoy life.

—From a talk in the Home Service



The armoury

Photographs: A. F. Kersting

the rejoicings. There were trestle tables down its length with presents on. The distribution of these was supervised by my best-beloved aunt, assisted by us. This necessitated finding individuals in the dark hall. The dummy men-at-



'Cecils in Conclave': a cartoon by Sir Max Beerbohm





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## CRITICISM

For years the manufacturers of Nigroids have been criticised for not publicising their product more. Who has done the criticising? Regular users of Nigroids; they think more people should be told what a great product they are. There's no need to be a leading actor, opera singer, speaker or chorister to benefit from Nigroids. People in so many countries depend on Nigroids to soothe, strengthen and sustain their voices, to remove huskiness and irritation from their throats, to give a satisfying taste at all times, to give a feeling of warmth in cold weather and free breathing on foggy days and nights. The tin is a handy size for pocket or handbag. From Chemists only: Nigroids 1/- a tin: remarkable value.



# The Listener's Book Chronicle

**The Correspondence of Edmund Burke**  
Vol. I. Edited by Thomas W. Copeland.  
Cambridge. £3.

**A Philosophical Enquiry into the Origin  
of our Ideas of the Sublime and Beautiful.** By Edmund Burke. Edited by  
J. T. Boulton. Routledge. 32s.

Reviewed by MAURICE CRANSTON

WHEN THE SHEFFIELD Public Library acquired the Wentworth Woodhouse manuscripts in 1948, the largest known collection of the private papers of Edmund Burke became available to scholars for the first time since the philosopher's death in 1797. This led to the project of publishing a definitive edition of Burke's letters, and the first volume of a projected set of ten has now appeared. The editor is the leading American Burke scholar, Professor Thomas W. Copeland, and his work has been done with exemplary patience and thoroughness.

The correspondence printed in this first volume covers a quarter of a century, from Burke's sixteenth to his fortieth year. The first sixty letters were written when he was an undergraduate at Trinity College, Dublin, the next sixty-odd letters come from the period between his graduation at the age of nineteen and his appearance in Parliament at the age of thirty-seven. The two and a half years between January, 1766, when he made his maiden speech in the House of Commons, and June, 1768, the close of the parliamentary session, yield no fewer than seventy-two letters. As usual, the letters dating from the later years are the most numerous. Professor Copeland hints that they may also prove to be the most interesting.

Indeed it seems that Professor Copeland is a shade disappointed with the letters he prints in this volume from the years of Burke's early manhood. He calls them 'creditable', but goes on to say that they are 'not much more vivid or interesting than other people's undergraduate letters'. He sees little of the future philosopher in the youth. Readers, however, may well dissent from this opinion. There could, for example, be no more telling epitome of the mature Burkean philosophy than the following passage from a letter he wrote at the age of sixteen to Richard Shackleton, who had told him that he had some reasons for feeling depressed:

I know how ill qualified I am for a Comforter and how disagreeable and unsuccessful an Office it is in itself therefore I will say nothing on that head, nor will I send you to books or the Sayings of Philosophers, a mind at ease may improve, by them, and Seneca will infinitely please in Speculation but Experience will inform you better than I, that in time of affliction they are but Sorry Comforters, the tide of Passion is not to be stopp'd by such feeble dams, even the Thoughts of reasoning with it adds a new flame to the fire and gives an additional vexation 'tis because most of these books are written in a reasoning and expostulatory manner, and Sorrow is a passion and a strong one and must not immediately be oppos'd by a direct Contrary which is reason the product of a Calm and undisturbed mind.

None of these letters throws much light on

Burke's private life, but they do tell us a great deal about his early career. His first years as a writer were not easy years. Dodsley, the most respectable of booksellers, backed him strongly: by 1759—when Burke was thirty—Dodsley had already published the *Vindication of Natural Society* and *The Sublime and The Beautiful*, besides engaging Burke as editor of the *Annual Register* and contracting to pay him £300 for a *History of England*. But somehow Burke felt his literary career to be a failure. Both his books had won him a considerable reputation, but neither had set him on the road to further achievement. To be the editor of the *Annual Register* was, in his eyes, to be no more than a hack—a thing to be ashamed of; the *History of England* he was never able to complete.

Burke's correspondence shows that he was able to escape from the frustrations of the literary life only when he found another sort of satisfaction in the world of politics. But he was in his late thirties before he was fully committed to a political career, and that career had only just started when this first series of his letters comes to an end. One awaits the later volumes with the keenest interest.

Readers of these letters will be especially pleased to notice that Burke's book on *The Sublime and The Beautiful* (written when he was twenty-six) has at last been brought out in a scholarly, twentieth-century edition. Mr. Boulton's editorial work is unobtrusive but extremely helpful; his introduction stresses the importance of the book in the development of eighteenth-century aesthetic theory, not only in England but in the whole European republic of letters. If Burke could have seen how influential this book was to be, he might well have felt less thwarted in his literary career. Then, perhaps, politics would never have claimed his attention.

**Mahatma Gandhi.** By B. R. Nanda.

Allen and Unwin. 35s.

**The Gandhi Reader.** Edited by Homer

A. Jack. Dobson. £2 5s.

The definitive biography of Mahatma Gandhi within reasonable compass is perhaps unattainable, and even Mr. Tendulkar's eight massive volumes leave much to be said and argued. Any exposition of Gandhi in action—and he was in action for half a century—requires a detailed treatment of political events and institutions with one hand, as it were, while the other gropes more contemplatively in the world of ideas. Mr. Nanda has boldly attempted to combine 'the chronological and the analytical methods', and to set forth, without breaking the essential narrative of public events, the play of Gandhi's mind and character in the fields of religion, ethics, sociology and economics. He is helped by the fact that Gandhi, in the trough of each wave of the Indian revolutionary movement, threw himself into all those 'nation-building' activities which, in the face of criticism from his colleagues, he considered vital. But it is also true that he approached even the smallest decision as a whole (if sometimes inconsistent) person.

The method employed in the well-known biography by Louis Fischer was successful in pre-

senting this whole person in a dramatic light. But Mr. Nanda, who writes well, really gives us more, and nobody who takes the subject seriously can afford to be without his book. Moreover, though he writes as an Indian who is aware of the difficulties in the way of objectivity, he understands the position of Britain as a power and of Britons as individuals better than Mr. Fischer. One may say, in his selection from the almost overwhelming material, that he touches too lightly on divergent political elements in India, as for instance the Forward Bloc, and does less than justice to that 'if' of history, the ill-omened 1935 Constitution. On the other hand he throws a new light on Gandhi's early relations with the British Raj under Chelmsford and Reading.

Mr. Jack's *Reader* is not the first Gandhi anthology he has edited, but this one sprinkles extracts and comments from others among the selections from Gandhi's own 'works' (now being published by the Indian Government in an edition which may finally run to sixty volumes). As an introduction it is serviceable, but the reverence of its approach would have been found excessive by the darting mind of its subject.

FRANCIS WATSON

**The Queen's Wards: Wardship and Marriage under Elizabeth I**

By Joel Hurstfield. Longmans. 42s.

One of the ancient survivals in the Tudor system of government were the Crown's rights over the body and lands of a minor, left heir to possessions held by the once military tenure of knight's service. They involved fiscal advantages which were commonly exploited by selling the rights over the heir (especially his or her marriage) and leasing his lands during his minority. The administration of these profits by the Court of Wards and Liveries left behind a mass of records, vast but far from complete, and like the records of all Tudor courts very difficult to analyse and interpret. In this excellent and valuable book, Mr. Hurstfield (who knows them better than anyone) has distilled his knowledge and in the process illuminated vital stretches of Elizabethan history. After explaining the nature of 'wardship and marriage', describing the procedure used in buying one, and assessing its effect on individuals and society, he closely investigates the work of Lord Burghley and Robert Cecil who between them ran the Court for over forty years.

Mr. Hurstfield makes plain how oppressive and capricious the system was to those who became its victims, and how profitable to those who traded in wardships. He offers the interesting suggestion that a source of revenue which under Elizabeth never yielded a significant income was allowed to survive, in spite of the annoyance it caused, because it enabled the servants of the Crown to be paid at the public's expense (through suitors' gifts) rather than the queen's. The Court of Wards, that is to say, was to Elizabeth what the benefices of the Church had been to Henry VII. The case is convincing, though Mr. Hurstfield allows perhaps too little for the needs of a government



which had to take all it could find—the revenue from wards was a factor that counted. Equally convincing and important is his treatment of the Cecils, so different in their methods and yet so alike in their mixture of apparent corruption and real rectitude, in their loyal and competent service. Mr. Hurstfield says much that is new on both, but especially on the son; it is clear that he has still more to tell us, and one hopes that the promised biography of this controversial figure may not be too long in the making.

The book, written with elegance and verve, if perhaps at rather too great a length, offers plenty of good stories and few difficulties. Mr. Hurstfield is scrupulous in presenting his chain of thought, though at times one wishes he would argue an issue out in one go and not interpolate yet another, admittedly relevant, cross-current. It may be suggested that the constant use of 'feudal' in place of 'prerogative' to describe wardship and marriage, strictly accurate though it is, tends to imply even more criticism than the system deserves (and receives), and for some tastes Mr. Hurstfield is perhaps too much inclined to use modern parallels. Such criticisms are admissible but insignificant. What matters is that no other book in existence provides even remotely so clear an answer to many questions one must ask about the Elizabethan gentry, their family relationships, their social code, their ethos and standards of behaviour. This is social history as it should be written, around a defined topic but with complete awareness of the whole society within which the specific set of factors operates. And what a pleasurable relief it is to read a study of this reign in which the queen receives only incidental mention.

G. R. ELTON

## The World of Butterflies and Moths

By Alexander B. Klots. Harrap. £3 3s.

In the summer of this year the north-east coast of England was invaded by moths. Small and fawn they descended in vast swarms upon the coastal towns, entering shops, houses, and public buildings. Flying into the faces of cyclists and smashing themselves against the windscreens of cars they almost brought the traffic to a standstill; for two hours, we are led to suppose, no public or private business could be transacted, everyone was fully engaged in combing the insects out of their hair, shaking them from clothes or knitting, scooping them out of the ink and the beer.

The human race—that is to say the English part of it—is not used to this kind of thing. That it shares these islands with animal nuisances of one sort or another (rabbits, dogs, sparrows, squirrels, foxes) is often sadly noted, but they are expected to keep, or be kept, in their place, wherever that may be, and not to interfere in the affairs of men. Where had these disgusting little creatures come from, what did they think they were doing, and why had they selected Bridlington and South Shields for their dark purposes? The British Museum of Natural History (probably to blame) was applied to for information, and gave it almost too readily. The visitors' name was *Plutella maculipennis* (Curtis) Diamond Back, and it had flown in from either Scandinavia or north-west Europe.

*Plutella* does not figure in Dr. Klots's book. There are about 100,000 species of butterflies and moths and all of them could hardly expect

to get in; particularly, perhaps, such a common little thing as *Plutella*, whom the English might almost have been expected to recognize, since she lives on our cabbages. Dr. Klots, who is a distinguished entomologist of the City College of New York, is more concerned with the tropical species and offers us a feast of curious information, some dazzlingly beautiful coloured plates, and a rare collection of photographs, mostly taken by himself.

Strangely enough, besides being the second largest group of insects, perhaps of all animals, in the world, yielding pride of place only to the beetles, the Lepidoptera are 'the largest group uniformly subjected to the attacks of other animals'. Lizards, birds, bats and monkeys are all after them, either as larvae or adults. So are fishes, amphibians, snakes and small mammals.



The adult Monarch spreading its wings  
(photograph: A. B. Klots)

From 'The World of Butterflies and Moths'

'In no environment are the Lepidoptera safe. Moles follow them underground, woodpeckers dig them out of wood, other birds and bats catch them in the air'. But this is only the beginning of their woes. Invertebrates, too, relish them: centipedes, scorpions and spiders, dragon-flies, bugs and praying mantids, flies, beetles, ants, wasps, and hornets. Here their troubles end? By no means. More destructive even than these predators are the parasites. Various wasps and flies use the Lepidoptera, during the first three stages (egg, larva, pupa) of their terrifying lives, as host and sustenance for their own offspring. It may surprise and comfort the inhabitants of Bridlington to know that 'under natural conditions as high as 98 per cent. of each generation [of Lepidoptera] may fail to survive because of parasites'. Have we finished? Not quite. A number of insectivorous plants treacherously entrap the adult as it sucks, and bringing up the rear, though not mentioned by Dr. Klots, are the little prowling boys with nets and pins.

Thus beset by enemies, the Lepidoptera have naturally learnt a dodge or two in their fight to survive; indeed the immense variety of their dodges provides the longest chapter of this

book and the most fascinating pictures. Mimicry, which they have brought to a fine art, is, of course, their greatest triumph; they have learnt to simulate twigs, grass, leaves, bark, thorns, bird-droppings, their very predators such as wasps, death—and each other. 'A few have evolved chemical defences such as repulsive or poisonous secretions . . .'. These species are called 'protected', and they are usually brightly coloured in both the larval and the adult state; the conspicuous brilliance of their costumes being the warning to all foes of their inedibility. But a great many differently designed warning signals would be inefficient, and these Lepidoptera have therefore evolved a close uniformity of colour and pattern. This, of course, is catching, like jeans. 'In regions where hundreds of protected forms flaunt their bright colours and mimic each other in relative security, one often also finds perfectly edible species mimicking the inedible ones, sometimes incredibly closely'.

What is the difference between a moth and a butterfly? Read Dr. Klots. He is better than any novel, and would have been better still if he had related his illustrations to his text.

J. R. ACKERLEY

## Human Groups. By W. J. H. Sprott.

Pelican Books. 3s. 6d.

Social psychology occupies a curious no-man's-land in the territory of the social sciences. As psychology, it ignores all the information derived from experiment or therapy which is based on physiology or biology, on the fact that man is a mammal; as sociology, it ignores both the study of institutions in any society and the descriptions of the ways of life of non-literate communities which are the subject-matter of ethnology. Its interest in the family or kinship is intermittent, at best; its field of interest is 'the relatively exclusive interaction in a given context' of people in Western societies who are brought face-to-face either through residence in village or neighbourhood, or through occupation in service, office, or industry, or for experimental purposes. It attempts to discover and isolate the regularities of behaviour and development within such groups, and the ways in which these regularities vary with the internal structure of the group; it attempts to discover how such groups develop norms, standards and values, and to isolate the psychological gains or losses which are concomitant with group membership. In a slightly illogical fashion it is also occupied with the problems of penology and delinquency and with what has been called 'crowd psychology'.

Social psychology has developed a very considerable literature; and, as far as British and American writings are concerned (French, German, and Russian contributions are ignored) Professor Sprott of Nottingham University has done a quite brilliant job of summary and analysis for this volume in the Pelican Psychology series, under the general editorship of Professor Mace. It would be difficult to imagine a better introduction to the subject; the ground is covered with thoroughness, the results presented with clarity and occasional wit. *Human Groups* should be most valuable both to students and teachers.

Probably no specialist would altogether agree with Professor Sprott's preferences and emphases. He seems to me unduly severe on the lack of verbal facility which characterized the seminal work of Kurt Lewin, particularly as he



quotes so constantly from his followers in *Human Relations*; and he gives perhaps excessive praise to the works of George Homans and Erich Fromm. One would have liked too to have seen at least some reference to the concept of transference as it has been developed by psycho-analytically oriented social psychologists.

GEOFFREY GORER

### Joyce Cary. A Preface to his Novels.

By Andrew Wright.

Chatto and Windus. 15s.

It is early yet, as the jacket of Mr. Wright's book says, to decide where Joyce Cary should sit in heaven. The book itself was undertaken on a grant from the American Society for the Promotion of Useful Knowledge, and attempts no more than its patron's object. Fortunately, Cary was the kind of workmanlike, opaque creator about whom information can be useful. His success, as he realized, was based on widespread reading of *The Horse's Mouth*, so little related to his other work as to be mis-reading, and up to a point he welcomed explanation. When Mr. Wright came to Oxford from Ohio, where he teaches English, and asked Cary's permission to write about him, he got the same brisk, open welcome as the young Paris Reviewers who described their visit in *Writers at Work*. Cary talked frankly and copiously; showed him unpublished novels, plays and fragments; and even lent his study, a neat hive of files, projects and chapters ranged in jotted envelopes. He also, in the year before he died, gave his friendship. The result is an agreeable guidebook to him: modest, informative and unacademically affectionate.

Mr. Wright makes no attempt to evaluate the novels, except in relation to each other. Instead, he tries to show how each grew from the terrain of Cary's thought. 'My business', Cary wrote once in a letter, 'was to show individual minds in action, and the kind of world they produce'. The world of his favourites—Tom Wilcher, Gulley Jimson, Chester Nimmo—is English Protestantism: the tradition of Bunyan, Blake, and Wesley, in which each man builds his private heaven and earth, and finds there his peculiar salvation. Cary has often been called the heir to Fielding and Galsworthy, the reviver of the picaresque and domestic saga. It would be more accurate to call him the heir of Browning and Defoe. The majority of his novels cling to the form, endemically and intimately Protestant, evolved by them for the study not of societies but souls: the dramatic apologia. Mr. Wright finds the summit of Cary's achievement in his two last monologue-trilogies, and its key in the defence by Nina Nimmo, toward the end of *Prisoner of Grace*, of the deviously self-righteous Radical she married. Chester Nimmo may not be a saint, 'but he was as good a man as he could be in his special circumstances, which were politics'. It is the labyrinthine Protestant casuistry of Sludge the Medium and Prince Hohenstiel-Schwangau.

In the world produced by individuals, history counts less than energy. Perhaps it was his years in Africa which taught Cary the twentieth-century corollary to Protestantism, that life is something separable from civilization. Certainly, his characters lead, in Edwardian and modern London, oddly African lives: feckless, nomadic and emotional, with reticent respect for the

uncomprehended passions which from time to time possess them like forest gods. The past, even their own, has little hold on them. They clope, decamp, commit bigamy, happily sell gentled birthrights for rowdy squalor. They turn the family mansion into a roadhouse, or use the Adam saloon for threshing hay. The ruins of empire are so much mud and straw to patch their temporary, unkempt nests, the past so much lumber to be broken up as fuel for present vitality. There are one or two traditionalists who feel its sanctions; but they become either prisoners, like Tom Wilcher, or, like Jim Latter, killers of the living.

Mr. Wright illumines the novels' breadth and complexity with his explanations, and should stop there. But to stop implies success on Cary's part, fulfilment of his schematic intention. In fact, the same themes which provide his strength also make for his chief weaknesses. Cary's primitivism may be the quality which makes him so impressively modern a writer, inhabiting the century of cracked moulds and spilled human swarms which began symbolically on the Titanic, literally at the Somme. It is also the source of the crudely obvious cult of vitality which so often makes him read like second-rate Dickens. Again, his use of dramatic monologue gives his novels shape and objectivity, focusing his craftsmanship; but it often also slips, as with Browning, into empty ingenious impersonation. Cary himself resented that his best book, the one for which he will be remembered, should be such a *tour-de-force*. He preferred the less successful *To Be a Pilgrim* and *Except the Lord*, and perhaps in them one can glimpse the writer he should have been: themeless, unmodern but undivided; frankly mourning a vanished England of green hills, small chapels and prophetic tinkers.

RONALD BRYDEN

### Cecilia. The Life and Letters of Cecilia Ridley, 1819-1845. Edited by Viscountess Ridley. Hart-Davis. 25s.

Within a few months of each other two early Victorian young ladies have been presented to the reading public, the one—Georgina Smythe (in Richard Buckle's *Prettiest Girl in England*)—through the medium of her diary and now the second—Cecilia Ridley—through her correspondence. The inevitable comparison is much in Cecilia's favour. She was no social butterfly flitting from one ball or beau to another with scarcely a thought in her head beyond pleasure and matrimony. Yet in fairness it must be said that Cecilia had exceptional advantages. She was the eldest daughter of Sir James Parke, a distinguished judge at whose town and country houses in Portland Place and Amptill there was a constant coming and going of interesting people. There Cecilia grew up, her conventional education by governesses, good as it must have been, supplemented by the finest of all educations—the listening to intelligent conversation. By seventeen, when her letters begin, she was already an accomplished young girl, well read, astonishingly mature in her style and judgments, witty and audacious in her comments. Bulwer Lytton, after taking her in to dinner, was described as lacking in truth, and 'all distorted and out of drawing', Lord Loftus, after dancing with her, as having 'eaten onions'.

Married at the age of twenty-one to Sir Matthew Ridley, Cecilia exchanged the more

civilized South for a sombre Northumberland and its humdrum, stolid society. But it is then that her letters acquire particular interest. They convey a somewhat curious but convincing picture of northern country-house life in the first decade of Queen Victoria's reign. Compared with the South there was less social round, less entertaining, less comfort. Perhaps one contributing factor towards this difference lay in the local custom (as Cecilia tells her mother) of paying low wages and keeping few servants. Yet neighbouring industrial wages were so good that a cottage woman could afford to dress her newly born child 'in a cape trimmed with lace and its cuffs tied with satin, much smarter than Baby [her own son] was the first month'.

With the death of a much loved sister much of the sparkle and gaiety drained away from Cecilia's letters. Three years later, the talented, lovable Lady Ridley, mother of three children, died herself of consumption at the age of twenty-six. The editing of her delightful correspondence has been admirably executed by the wife of her great-grandson.

W. BARING PEMBERTON

### Rituals of Kinship among the Nyakyusa By Monica Wilson. Oxford. 35s.

Professor Wilson's book is an outstanding contribution to our developing knowledge of the sociology of religion. The book is based on field researches by her husband, the late Godfrey Wilson, and herself in a group of small, independent tribes which live in the mountains at the head of Lake Nyasa. The detailed accounts of rituals, and of the associations which the people make with their rites and beliefs, as well as their own interpretations of these, are rich beyond summary. She also gives detailed case-records of the participants in actual rituals. In result, we have not only a magnificent compilation of data on the Nyakyusa, but also rich treasure on the universality of human motive and action—even though Professor Wilson deliberately eschews any aim of dealing with universal human action. Nyakyusa life is shot through with elaborate symbolism; and Professor Wilson brings out clearly how basic physiological facts relating to food, sex, birth, death, maturation, excreta, blood, spit, vomit, and breath, are elevated through ritual to establish the highest social values. Psychologists will be able to speculate freely and fully with her data, since she, rightly, avoids giving any psychological interpretations, as outside her competence: it is to be hoped that her book will inspire a psychoanalyst to go to the Nyakyusa and do a field-study of some Nyakyusa individuals with emphasis on their beliefs. This book provides an admirable base for such an attempt.

Professor Wilson reassures Nyakyusa who feel she has revealed secrets by reminding them that 'the interpretation of the traditional ritual reveals a profound similarity in the phantasies of the Nyakyusa and those of other races; and such understanding of the dark places of men's minds as the *abanyago* [ritual specialists] possess may swell that body of knowledge which is the heritage of all races and cultures'. She herself has been concerned to demonstrate the relation between Nyakyusa rituals and their forms of kinship organization: but she has added here, in high degree, to our heritage of understanding, both of 'the dark places of men's minds' and of men's spiritual aspirations.

MAX GLUCKMAN



# CRITIC ON THE HEARTH

Weekly comments on B.B.C. programmes by independent contributors

Television Broadcasting

## DOCUMENTARY

### Switched Off Lately?

IN LAST WEEK'S 'Panorama', Dr. Hilde Himmelweit, chief architect of the Nuffield Foundation's recent report on television and children [reviewed by Geoffrey Gorer on page 1080] ably expounded and charmingly defended her findings before a team of journalists. Before the discussion we saw a film in which some of the children who had acted as guinea-pigs gave us their own views on the programmes. One budding Critic on the Hearth said simply of a certain well-known adult weekly programme (not 'Panorama') that it was 'awfully uninteresting'.

Four thousand children, aged about ten to thirteen, were questioned. They view on average



'The Inheritors' on December 16: two Australian boys talking by radio to their school-teacher twelve miles away

for thirteen hours a week. This is the equivalent of over four full-length, double-feature cinema programmes a week; a pretty high total. Brighter children watch slightly less than the average; duller children rather more. Westerns and thrillers were the most popular, but some liked the serious adult programmes. Westerns, being stylized, are less frightening than those of the more unpredictable adult drama.

What roused the discussion on 'Panorama', of course, was the question of control. That familiar old war-horse, democratic freedom of choice, duly trotted on to the stage. But something might be done to put on the more serious programmes ('Buried Treasure', for instance, or 'Panorama') at an earlier hour: as it is, many children watch until nine o'clock, but many entirely suitable and intelligent programmes appear after that hour. The idea of labelling programmes with certificates of suitability, as in the cinema, seems impracticable, because it cannot be enforced. It remains up to parents.

This report has reminded us that though television is no different in kind from other mass-media, it is different in degree. The eye is more impressionable than the ear; fiction makes more impression than fact; and most homes in Britain now have an almost continuous cinema show running every evening, at which, by judicious

(or injudicious) switching from channel to channel, it is possible to have westerns, thrillers, variety, or quiz shows nearly all the time. There were plenty of arguments in favour of destroying the B.B.C.'s monopoly; one argument against it is that we have forced the Corporation to solicit for viewers and to engage in low-level competition. The B.B.C. is no longer able to set the pace or to create or control our viewing habits. The allocation of Band III may be decisive. I read that a clergyman has suggested that we should all switch off for Christmas. His is a forlorn hope: but—as one turns the pages of the Christmas number of *Radio Times* and sees all those jolly, vicariously laughing faces, all determined to laugh harder than the faces I.T.V. has booked—one sees his point.

Sir Brian Robertson's appearance, also in 'Panorama', could hardly have done much to inspire confidence in the difficult future of British Railways. Words like 're-appraisal' fell wearily and dispiritedly from his lips. Admittedly, he could not have derived much comfort from the preceding film (a 'nice film', he bravely if inaccurately called it) on the American railways. They are saying over there that passenger trains may have disappeared altogether by the early nineteen-sixties. Ours, no doubt, will still be running, even later, dirtier, and more expensive.

Last week's 'Look' struck a seasonable note with a film about reindeer by the Norwegian explorer Per Høst, who was himself in the studio with Peter Scott to provide a running commentary. We also saw some remarkable studies of the arctic seal. These attractive creatures look, and can be trained, like dogs. Very honestly, the film included scenes of the hunting of seals: not by Eskimos, who must kill them in order to survive, but by professionals who serve a luxury trade. Mr. Høst took this cheerfully in his stride, but my own sympathies were with Mr. Scott, who seemed to fall rather silent during this part of the programme.

The last programme in 'The Inheritors' series, on Australia, was, I thought, the best; probably because it was the least controversial. Mr. Crawley couldn't, of course, avoid speculation about communism altogether; but on the whole the programme concentrated on giving us a factual picture of this remarkable continent, most of whose 9,000,000 inhabitants live in large seaboard cities which carry on the social and architectural traditions of Victorian England, only in a vastly better climate and in better living conditions. It is here that the rather conservative national character can best be studied. Behind the cities stretches the outback, where children go to school by radio: this gave us a vivid idea of the scale we were on: fifty children scattered over an area the size of Britain. The outback needs money and water before it can be developed; but above all it needs people. It was curious to hear the phrase



A harp seal, three days old, seen in the programme about reindeer and seals in 'Look' on December 18

'it's a man's country' used to refer to social conventions, not to rugged pioneering. In fact, for Australia, its pioneer period, the opening up of the outback; is still largely to come.

K. W. GRANSDEN

## DRAMA

### Christmas Puddings

I SUPPOSE THAT a play which dealt faithfully with the pains and sufferings of the secular Christmas would be generally unacceptable; but there the Herculean labours are—the fuss, the crowding, the fatigue, the over-long preparation which makes tempers over-short, the sending of cards on an unnecessary and ever-growing scale, and the dutiful gathering of adult family parties most of whose members are antipathetic or even definitely hostile. Nobody is anti-Christmas as far as children are concerned and few are anti-Christmas in general. But many feel that to be as much pro-Christmas as are the shops and the magazines, which 'plug' Christmas from October onwards, is straining one's endurance. However, a play on that note is not what the B.B.C. is likely to offer or viewers are likely to welcome; the Drama Departments cannot sit palely



Jessie Evans and Aubrey Richards as Alice and Arthur Williams in 'Rest You Merry' on December 17



loitering and yawning in the rubicund face of Yule.

It was good, however, to discover that one of the first items on television's Christmas drama programme 'Rest You Merry' (December 17), was not, despite its title, unmitigated mirth and mistletoe. The practised hands of the writer, Elaine Morgan, and producer, David J. Thomas, gave us from the Welsh studio a fairly balanced picture of a family who could only just make do on the money they normally had: the abnormal strain of Christmas spending brought its problems, especially when the father determined that mother should have for once a really good present. That meant cutting down expenditure, not only on his own beloved tobacco but on most other Christmas presents (or wastage), too. Still further trouble was provided by the necessity of inviting a long-forgotten aunt and paying her train fare from Devonshire. This



'Children's Television' on December 17: Larry Parker (left) and Nick Nissen in 'Christmas Crackerjack'



The Ukrainian Bandurists Chorus in 'Riverside One' on December 17

dutiful deed was expected to have dire results.

At this point Miss Morgan, well engaged with her domestic realism, remembered that the Yule log must be rolled; we could not have carols at the front door and a cantakerous family behind it. So the aunt turned out to be neither tetchy invalid nor morose dragon. Gruff she might be in speech, but she was genial, generous, ready to lend a hand, and even to light a fire before anybody else was up and about. The elder daughter, who had been behaving like a shrew, was tamed with a kiss, and we left the family with every prospect of seasonal felicity. The season of birth even extended to the arrival of a puppy.

The dialogue was natural and the acting suitable. Jessie Evans and Aubrey Richards headed a plausible Welsh clan and Daphne Heard, intervening as the aunt, gave the Welsh climate a nice tang of Devonian autumn, sharp as well as sunny. So 'Rest You Merry' was a piece of cake for the occasion; 'Christmassy' it had to be, but the sugar was not immoderately laid on.

The children had 'Christmas Crackerjack' on the same day. Eamonn Andrews breezily mastered the ceremonies, pretending, perhaps even believing, that this was exactly his life. It is fortunate for the drolls in shows of this kind that the corny jest can be a hitherto untasted joy to the young entrants in the audience. What

one does have a general impression of up-to-date sketches and up-to-the-mark performance. Duncan Macrae, as Moderator, continues to preside with proper gravity over the pursuit of proper levity.

'Riverside One', with Margaret Lockwood as its suave and handsome hostess, has ended. This affair has never sought unity in its elements. Anybody may arrive and do anything. Sir Malcolm Sargent discussed sagely the relations of the musical result to the musician televised. There was a Ukrainian chorus in good heart and voice. And there was Stanley Holloway who, forgetting his Shavian and songful dustman, came along to deliver a solemn monologue on the life and hard times of Good King Wencelas.

IVOR BROWN

Sound Broadcasting

DRAMA

Christmas Presents

THERE IS SOMETHING felicitous about indulging in stocktaking on the eve of Christmas. Presents are, after all, a way of expressing gratitude, and though the aural memory is an imperfect one I hope, in these recollections of the past six months, to say 'thank you' to as many people as possible and to wish them continuing success.

Some of these people—namely, the studio managers who twiddle the knobs and the sound-effects engineers—are unknown to me by name but they deserve praise for the way in which they interpret the wishes of producers with imagination and a great deal of technical skill.

After the general praise there follows amazement. Making a list of productions that were memorable, I have been amazed by the variety of the material in sound broadcasting. In the past six months we have heard 'Adam', the first play written in English, and 'The Creation of the Animals', the first truly Sound play. Mr. Val Gielgud found a noble and lasting form for 'The Persians' of Aeschylus; Mr. Charles Beardsall and Mr. Frederick Bradnum created 'The Talking Bird' from the Arabian Nights' tales; Mr. Giles Cooper added 'Unman, Wittering and Zigo' and 'Under the Loofah Tree' to his array of work; Mr. James Hanley, in 'A Winter Journey' and 'A Letter in

the Desert', had Mr. John Gibson and Mr. R. D. Smith to help him in his exploration of age and resignation; Mr. Alun Owen showed his fine playwright paces in 'Progress to the Park' and the landmark 'The Rough and Ready Lot'; Brecht's 'Trial of Lucullus' demonstrated once again that much of our best contemporary writing for the stage has a broadcasting origin; Mr. David Thomson underlined this last demonstration by producing Mr. David Scott Blackhall's 'Dark Is a Long Way'.

Such a short list takes no account of the educative work that the Drama Department indulges in. Mr. John Reeves's 'Vision of William' recreated Piers Plowman; the production of 'The Fugitive' by Ugo Betti completed the author's cycle which has been introduced almost exclusively to Britain by the B.B.C.; Mr. Raymond Raikes, who did the 'Adam' so well, gave us a new 'Shoemakers' Holiday' by Dekker; Mr. Raymond Postgate tore the Agamemnon of Aeschylus from its dusty shelf.

After the great effects there were the momentary things which sometimes last in the mind much longer. Mr. George Moor's 'Snowbound' in its Kendal accents; Mr. Andrew Salkey's mocking portrait of a West Indian in a coffee bar; Mr. Seamus Ennis's mouth music in Miss Jessie Kesson's 'The Mourners'; Mrs. Axon speaking so very humbly of her husband in Mr. Ewan MacColl's 'Ballad of John Axon'; two old men clacking their false teeth competitively in Miss Jean McConnell's 'Haul For the Shore'; the bells across the Quad in Mr. R. D. Smith's setting of 'The Masters' by C. P. Snow; Mr. Donald McWhinnie's credits to 'Under the Loofah Tree' going down the plughole; the singing in 'The Bridge of Arta' by Georges Theotokas; Mr. Noel Johnson as a chauffeur in 'The Hiring'; Sir Donald Wolfitt's Simon Eyre; Miss June Tobin as several people.

Almost like cards that one has forgotten to send I must add that M. Georges Schehadé's great play 'Vasco', Adamov's 'Paolo Paoli', Ostrovsky's 'The Storm', Sudermann's 'A Quiet Corner', and von Kleist's 'The Prince of Homburg' were given their first British performances. When I think of these plays they remind me of one of the most curious gaps in the current repertoire. While the Drama Department carries out a remarkable public service in making known foreign stage plays, it seems unresponsive as far as foreign radio plays are concerned.



As the destiny of radio is a world question and not purely a British one, it seems likely that writers for sound abroad, who are facing threats similar to those which face Sound Broadcasting here, must be writing interesting work which ought to be translated and broadcast. The case for the preservation of Sound Broadcasting cannot rest solely on the fact that the medium is educative; it must be shown that writing for sound is a form of literature in its own right. Apart from Herr Ernst Schnabel's brilliant 'Sixth Canto' and his documentary 'In the Footsteps of Anna Frank', there have been few foreign radio pieces. If Sound Broadcasting is to flourish it must seek its allies internationally under the slogan that man has nothing to lose but his television set. Anyone, of course, who listens to 'The Goon Show' knows this already. But then perhaps some of this heroic fantasy is already being broadcast in Japanese without our knowing it. The great thing about it all, after all, is that it is 'all in the mind'.

IAN RODGER

## THE SPOKEN WORD

### Teens

ALAS FOR DAPHNIS (in the Third Programme, rather late on a Sunday evening) and howl aloud, ye nymphs, for Adonis—and contrive, if you can, to wring a tear even for Miss Jill Balcon, whose irreproachable restraint was almost a match for that of the other performers in this 'Inquiry into the Pastoral Tradition' which began with some of the earliest recorded keening for the dead vegetation god, and culminated with Milton's *Lycidas*. It proved to be a winding academic trail down many a well-trodden path. In fact, for me it invoked innumerable shades of the lecture-room: Mr. Bobbinson, who did the Eclogues annually for thirty years—'And do you know, I saw *exactly* what Virgil describes, in the valley of the Po, last spring'—or Miss Skimmings, who knew all ye need to know about *Il Pastor Fido* (except the original text).

If aught of oaten stop or pastoral song had punctuated the dry torrent of words now and then—but the nymph and swains read on regardless. Indeed, one of the latter betrayed an unmistakable urge to hustle those Sicilian muses. And as the tradition flowed past, I wondered increasingly why it should all tend towards, and end in, *Lycidas*. Milton's virtuoso strains are a brazenly majestic fluke, an extortion, an exploitation of the casual stock-in-trade of any classical tyro, for ends purely and unpredictably Miltonic. The whole tradition could so easily be biased towards some other culmination—*Adonais*, or *Thyrsis*, or, if you like, *L'Après-midi d'un Faune*. To imply that *Lycidas* was the crown and climax of a tradition that had for centuries—in fact almost from the start—been an academic commonplace, is simply another application of the old cause-and-effect, or leading-up-to fallacy which can make literary 'history' mean whatever you choose.

Youth not hapless but rebellious was the subject of T. R. Fyvel's programme in the European Enquiry series, last Friday. Most of us must be feeling qualms about the endless and so often profitless search-lighting of this theme. Is it anything new if the awkward age is still awkward? The cult of the subject threatens to become a vicious circle in a vacuum. Press lords keep up the pressure—no doubt from a concern with public morals as much as from a lack of other ideas with which to pack the press, not to mention a conviction that adolescence is news. In fact, of all the problems that stare the age in

the face, this one still beats the lot. It's new, unprecedented, insoluble—in fact, *qua* problem, it may even be quite meaningless—if you study it long enough. But if it continues to be publicized at the present rate, who knows what may happen?

Fortunately, this particular programme made no solemn or sensational approach. All the same, there had to be some plodding through facts we know already, such as that high wages and industrial prosperity are the root of it all. Italy, where the same conditions do not apply, has had no teen-age problem on the same scale. France, we were assured, has also by-passed it, because the stern solidarity of family life keeps youth under its thumb. There may be something in that. But aren't French student riots quite an elderly tradition in Europe? Or are they a thing of history? The most illuminating comment of all came from Austria, where social welfare work is advanced and all-embracing, and where the teen-age problem is acute. A worker commented that too much reliance on social services has led to parental apathy, and undirected youthful violence is the result. Surely a nice comment on the possible stultification of social enlightenment as it is currently understood?—and perhaps a key to the whole problem.

Or maybe the perpetual teen-ager, the everlasting bohemian who lives locked up inside the importance of his own uniqueness, might help towards one kind of explanation? He came to full-blown life in a portrait devised and produced by Denis Mitchell, in the 'People Talking' series. This was called 'The Busker's Tale', and while every autobiographical detail was individual—the agony of first-night nerves with each fresh queue was particularly convincing—it was all splendidly true to type, and plummily theatrical. Impossible not to recognize that kind of voice without a shudder of relief at not being personally buttonholed, nailed for hours, instead of the neat half-hour in which it was tellingly enclosed—with a discreet wash of pub voices and noises to give it the right perspective. It was all perfectly framed and timed.

DAVID PAUL

## MUSIC

### Brass and Polish

'CHRISTMAS COMES but once a year', but when it does it brings chaos to our expensive postal postal service. I must be excused, therefore, if I confine my comments today to events in the first part of last week. I should have liked to put my oar, *post eventum*, into the argument about the relationship of the state to music and opera, in which so many distinguished persons took part; I might have discovered, after drawing so many blanks in recent months, a work that showed something more than promise in the programme of New Music on Wednesday, Kenneth Leighton's Quartet perhaps; I might even have found something, if nothing very fresh, to say about the performance of *Messiah* under Sir Adrian Boult earlier that evening; and, my appetite whetted by Dr. Mosco Carner's book on the composer, I should dearly have loved to discuss Puccini's first opera, *Le Villi*, produced to mark the centenary of his birth.

If we can't have the Willies, at least we have Smetana's *The Two Widows*, likewise sung in English and produced by the skilful translator, Geoffrey Dunn. The piece suffers, perhaps, from being based on a French drawing-room farce, out of which the Czech music did not arise so spontaneously as it did from the native comedy of *The Bartered Bride*. Nor has it the depth and tenderness of Smetana's next opera, *The Kiss*,

which I am inclined to regard as his comic masterpiece. The opera was given a lively performance under Stanford Robinson with those two accomplished sopranos June Bronhill and Marion Lowe as the merry widows, Lloyd Strauss-Smith in the tenor role, and Norman Lumsden as Bumble, who is obviously a first-cousin of Kečal, the marriage-broker in *The Bartered Bride*.

On the last two Monday evenings the Third Programme has given us expositions of music for brass. A fortnight ago the trumpets, trombones, and tuba played a Fanfare and Passacaglia by Karl Marx, Beethoven's famous funeral Equali for four trombones and a Suite for brass septet by Stephen Dodgson. In view of the first item, the proper appreciative adjective for the programme and performances would seem to be, capital.

Last Monday the horn-players had their turn, and reminded us once more how much we owe to the Brains. For in our admiration for Dennis Brain's extraordinary accomplishment and fine musicianship, let us not forget that it was his father, Aubrey, who perfected the style which he inherited. Older readers will remember by how much Aubrey Brain's playing surpassed that of other horn-players a generation ago, so that one waited with pleasurable anticipation for his entries in, say, Brahms's Concerto in D minor or the finale of the First Symphony. Now a younger generation of players has acquired the style, and nothing could have been smoother and more free from 'hot' brassiness than the playing of the four young musicians in trios by Reicha, a duo by Marius Flothuis which was the most interesting composition in the programme, and a set of Variations for four horns by Castelnovo-Tedesco.

It was a stroke of genius on the part of whoever devised these programmes to diversify the music for brass with harpsichord solos. No other instrument would have been more complementary. And it enabled George Malcolm to bring forward Herbert Murrill's *Suite Française* as well as a group of sonatas by Scarlatti; and Stanislav Heller to introduce us to a set of Six Inventions by the same Stephen Dodgson who composed the admirable Septet for brass, as well as playing Couperin's great Passacaille. Both Murrill and Dodgson continued to write music for the harpsichord as a living instrument, and not pastiches for a specimen in a museum, even though inevitably certain turns of phrase and the very sound of plucked strings reminded one of the older masters.

In a series devoted to string quartets of the present century, the Carmirelli Quartet gave the first broadcast performance here of Shostakovich's Sixth Quartet in G. Shostakovich is an uneven composer, and this quartet, despite a promising opening, seems to have been conceived on one of his off-days. There is, as often in his work, a curious sense of irresponsibility, and he is all too ready to use a chugging *ostinato* as a substitute for real forward movement. More rewarding was a performance on Monday evening of Szymanowski's poetical Violin Concerto which was beautifully played by Roman Totenberg with the Warsaw Philharmonic Orchestra under Witold Rowicki. After it came a Concerto for Orchestra by Witold Lutoslawski, a work cast in a form in which Bartók achieved a masterpiece. The Polish work is not that, though it contained some clever passages of orchestral invention. At the end the composer seemed unable to stop and there must have been quite a dozen 'final' cadential climaxes before the actual one was achieved.

DYNELEY HUSSEY



# Music on B.B.C. Television

By PHILIP HOPE-WALLACE

NAME dropping seems to me a very human frailty, and the prouder one is of the name you can drop the more human does one become. Being proud of having been invited by a publisher to meet or even breathe the same air as Stravinsky, I swanked about this in Fleet Street. 'Just been meeting Stravinsky', I said, offhand. My companion, a high-powered journalist who in my estimate knows ten times more about everything, except perhaps music, than I do, raised unbelieving eyebrows, as if I had said, 'Just been taking tea with Queen Anne'.

'But surely he's dead?' asked my friend.

Well, he knows better now and would anyhow have known better from watching 'Monitor's' fascinating filmed interview, to which Mr. Gransden made allusion last week and on which I do not seek to go poaching, only wishing that the 'Monitor' people, if ever feeling depressed, might bethink themselves that for every time they think they are teaching their grandmothers to suck eggs or providing blinding glimpses of the obvious, there must be ten times when they are opening eyes, even eyes which like to think of themselves as being pretty wide already. In other words, for every viewer and listener who is sick of Gounod's 'Soldiers' Chorus', there are a hundred to whom it springs up fresh as a daisy.

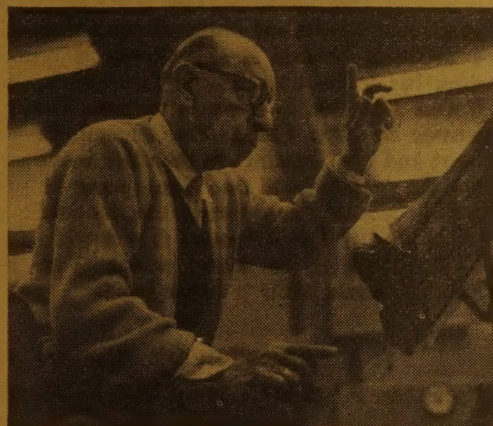
This should also be borne in mind during those most necessary preliminary remarks by such people as Hervey Alan and Alec Robertson, who these last weeks have promoted the little touch of ceremony and occasion to the televised Sunday symphony concerts. Mr. Robertson's belief that the slow movement of Beethoven's Fourth Piano Concerto should be played before and after every political meeting would strike many people as a pleasant notion while perhaps irritating others. But at any rate it is on such occasions that we should be reminded (as we were) that a particular soloist has 'made' some particular work his or her 'own'.

This concert was something of a test case for those who have both radio and television, because you could take it on either. I found I chose television without much hesitation. Beethoven discoursing the music of the spheres possibly ought to speak to us more directly in darkness, but quite simply I wanted to see Dame Myra Hess and watch her dignity and concentration as she played. I also wanted a closer look at what I remembered to be a rather special baton technique of the conductor, Rudolf Schwarz, and in these two things I was not in the least unrewarded by the producer's handling of the cameras. In fact I could have done with a good deal more of Dame Myra's face (a most expressive mask) and even of her hands, though these also seen in reflexion 'bore out' (if that is the phrase) the evidence of one's ears about that lovely *cantabile* tone and well managed *legato*.

But though we saw her walking on, shaking the hand of the conductor, taking a bow (but not quite to us, which was a pity), I did not get quite enough of the *persona* which we learnt to love so much during the war, particularly in those concerts in the bombed National Gallery. There were shots in this televised concert when we saw her squatting, as it were, in the prompt

corner—as though taking a quick cup of tea!—while the camera had a long-range but not very interesting general view (like The Whole School photograph) and there were too many close-ups, or so it seemed to me, of the woodwind sections.

This is a tricky business and one in which there is room for many opinions. But I think that in a concerto the balance of interest should be on the soloist who is diminished by too fre-



Mr. Igor Stravinsky, who was seen in a filmed interview in 'Monitor' on December 7

G. Macdonnic

quent excursions among—if I may so put it—the 'bit' parts. I was reminded of those productions of *Der Rosenkavalier* where the audience completely loses sight of the Marschallin because the small parts are taking their tiny chances in such a big way. Every time the oboe showed signs of perking up, we took a peep at her. Yes, *her*; for it was a gifted young woman and this elicited, from someone of a much older genera-

tion than mine, a puzzled remark which struck me as pleasantly 'period': 'Now what would make a nice girl take up that sort of thing?' And yet when a few nights later we had a harp recital (just the thing for a nice young girl to take up) it turned out to be a man! (And very interesting too.)

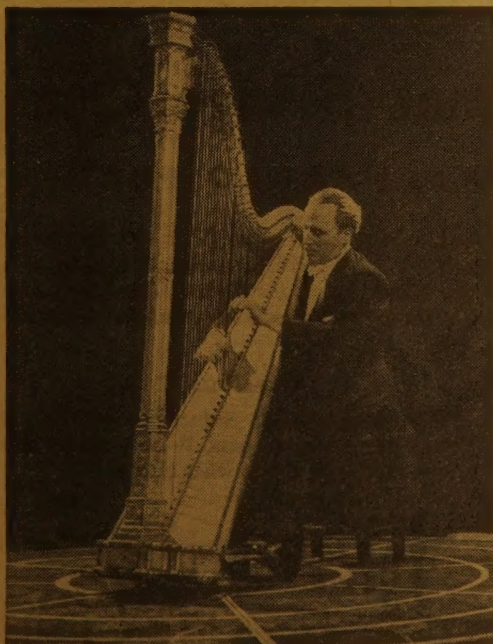
But to revert to this matter of orchestral details: in the concert in which Stanford Robinson conducted *inter alia* the overture to William Tell, it was not at all without effect to see one instrumentalist after another in the thick of *his* bit. So, it all seems to depend on the music in question and on knowing, as in water-colour painting, what to leave out.

I think I would recommend monthly courses in water-colour painting for B.B.C. music television novices in general. When the light faded in the evening they could have special sessions of ancient silent films, another field of art where the effects of look-listen (or rather think-you've-heard-because-you-saw) has a good deal to tell us. There is much to discuss about the art of making people 'hear with their eyes'.

But I must not neglect to mention a charming Scottish programme of reels, with their stimulating cries and footwork, nor the appearance with Max Jaffa of William McAlpine, the tenor from Sadler's Wells and the Garden who is off, so he told us, to sing Puccini to the Berliners. Us he obliged with Léhár: about which one might be prepared to be difficult, had he not sung the song so pleasingly. Mr. Jaffa's trio also obliged—in the background. I like Mr. Jaffa, and even feel undismayed when I see him turning off sham electric light switches so that the lights may be lowered for the more sentimental bits.

I am sure we all admired the B.B.C. for its tenacity in hanging on for the Paris Opera relay. Having hustled the Field-Marshal off his battlefield half an hour early, one had to wait forty minutes for the *diva*. Well, that's one way to create a sense of occasion. Certainly it was exciting to see a gala inside Garnier's vast theatre, but when we actually did get the opera—*o là là!* (as the French say so surprisingly more often than you might suppose). As an example of televised opera, this second act of *Tosca* was deplorable. The orchestra sounded like a tea-shop trio and the camera flicked about uncertainly, generally looking at the wrong thing at the wrong moment. Tito Gobbi, with his fine voice and fine eyebrows, seemed to be giving his usual impressive Scarpia, but Maria Callas seemed right out of the picture, squally and weak at climaxes, eccentric in appearance and movement, and only really effective in some highly significant little phrases which announced the artist in her. One of these occurred directly after the ovation which greeted the Prayer, beginning at the word '*Vedi...*'.

Very much happier was the Sunday ballet *Nutcracker*, with an infectiously happy little Clara (Sandra Michaels) and Dame Margot and Mr. Somes in bounding form. The camera was almost invariably well placed, never spoiling a movement of the dance by movement of its own, and really catching some of the excitement of the *pas de deux*.



Mr. Nicanor Zabaleta, whom viewers saw in 'Celebrity Recital' on December 11



## Bridge Forum

# Answers to Listeners' Bridge Problems

By HAROLD FRANKLIN and TERENCE REESE

Every Saturday, on Network Three, a panel of bridge experts answers questions sent in by listeners. Harold Franklin and Terence Reese deal here with some questions better suited to a written answer.

## Question 1

(from Mr. J. Burgess, 2 Cambridge Road, Chingford, E.4)

In a tournament East-West missed game on the following hands:

WEST	EAST
♠ A K 8 4	♠ Q J 9 5
♥ A J 5 2	♥ K 9 8 7 6
♦ 9 7 3 2	♦ Q 4
♣ A	♣ 10 3

West, the dealer at game all, opened One Spade, and East raised to Two Spades. There the bidding ended, and Five were made. West said that East should have responded Two Hearts or raised to Three Spades; East, that West should have bid on over Two Spades. Would you give us your opinion, please?

## Answer by Terence Reese

Both players underbid a little, the fit was good, and all that added up to an easy game being missed. East is certainly not worth Three Spades, according to my methods; but he might have compromised with Two Hearts. West was worth a trial bid of Three Hearts, but it is easy to construct hands on which it would have been right to stop in Two Spades.

## Question 2

(from Mr. R. E. Philipps, Henleaze Park Drive, Bristol)

May I have an opinion, please, as to what is the best opening bid, as dealer at love all, on the following hand:

♠ A K 10 5 ♥ J 8 3 ♦ K 10 5 4 ♣ Q 7

## Answer by Harold Franklin

If you were playing a weak No Trump, that would be a possible answer; otherwise the choice is between One Spade and One Diamond. Weak hands with spades and diamonds are notoriously a problem, because if One Spade is opened there has to be a rebid over Two Hearts, and if One Diamond is opened one must have an answer to Two Clubs. The strength of the heart and club holdings is therefore important. On the present hand One Spade must be preferred, because Two Hearts can be raised to Three; but if One Diamond is met with Two Clubs, there is no sound rebid: Two No Trumps would show a better hand.

## Question 3

(from Mr. F. W. Sitch, North Hill, Colchester)

I have a problem and would like your opinion. An opponent in a Cup Competition dropped a card (the three of hearts) after the deal and before the auction. He asked his partner to pick it up and I saw the card exposed on the floor. I demanded a redeal—was I right?

## Answer by Terence Reese

At any rate, you were not within your rights. This was a card exposed during the auction. Had it been an Ace, King, Queen, or Jack, the owner's partner would have had to pass on his next turn, and the card would have been a penalty card as well. For the exposure of a

lower card there is no penalty. There is, all the more, a moral obligation on the offending side to take no advantage of its improper knowledge.

## Question 4

(from Mr. R. K. Knapp, Moortown, Leeds)

In a local match all four tables missed a comfortable slam on the following hands:

WEST	EAST
♠ Q 9 5 2	♠ —
♥ J 10	♥ A 8 6 4 2
♦ K J 10 9	♦ A Q 8 7 4
♣ K Q 10	♣ A 7 5

The bidding generally went:

WEST	EAST
No	1 H
2 NT	3 D
3 NT	No

Could you assess responsibility for missing the slam?

## Answer by Harold Franklin

I agree with West's opening pass and with his next bid of Two No Trumps. East might well have bid Four Diamonds at that point to convey his strength and his unwillingness to play in No Trumps. Equally, West, over Three Diamonds, should have bid naturally and raised to Four Diamonds.

[Harold Franklin and Terence Reese will answer further questions next week. Listeners' problems should be addressed to The Editor, THE LISTENER, 35 Marylebone High Street, London, W.1, the envelope marked 'Bridge Forum']

# Christmas Bridge Competition

Set by HAROLD FRANKLIN

A prize is offered for the first correct solution opened, a book token value £2 2s. 0d. In the event of there being more than one correct solution the award will be determined by the best short appreciation of the bridge articles which have been appearing in THE LISTENER. A consolation prize of a book token for £1 1s. 0d. is also offered. Entries should reach the Editor, THE LISTENER, 35 Marylebone High St., London, W.1, by Thursday, January 1. In all matters connected with the competition the Editor's decision is final.

## Question 1

Game all. The bidding has begun.

SOUTH	WEST	NORTH	EAST
1S	No bid	3D	4C
?			

South holds:

♠ A J 8 7 5 ♥ K 10 6 4 ♦ K 5 ♣ A 3

What is South's best bid? Give first, second, and third choices.

## Question 2

With North-South vulnerable South opens Four Spades and all pass. West leads the King of diamonds and this is what East sees:

NORTH	EAST
♠ 8 5	♠ 7
♥ A K J 9 7 5	♥ 8 6
♦ Q J 10 8	♦ 10 9 6 3
♣ Q	♣ A J 9 7 5 2

The declarer ruffs the first diamond and leads a club on which West plays the king. How should East plan the defence and why?

## Question 3

North-South Game.

NORTH	EAST	SOUTH	WEST
1D	No bid	2C	2S
3C	3H	3 No Trumps	4H
No bid	No bid	6C	No bid
No bid	No bid		

West holds:

♠ A Q 8 7 5 3 ♥ Q 10 4 ♦ Q 6 5 ♣ 7

What should West lead?



Books for the Handyman

By FRANKLIN ENGELMANN

BOOK I find most useful and which is excellently produced is *The Handyman's Pocket Book* (Evans Brothers, 6s.). The illustrations are well drawn and clear, and the writing is straightforward and concise. I am prepared to say that even the professional with a lifetime in the trade might well pick up some useful tips from this book. For the amateur—beginner or expert—I can say that this manual ought to be on the workshop shelf for reference. It runs right through the average list of household jobs from concreting and brickwork, through painting and paper-hanging, the laying of carpet and linoleum, the care of timber and furniture, to plumbing and electrical work.

Next, I recommend a Penguin, written by Foster Wiseman and priced most moderately at 2s. 6d. This is a good little publication with more than 130 illustrations, but it strikes me as being essentially a beginner's book. For anyone who is tackling his, or her, own household repairs for the first time, this forms an admirable introduction which will save much wasted time and material. As the jacket points out, 'the hints and instruction given are within the capabilities of the ordinary unskilled householder', and that can be taken as applying also to the girl or woman who has a flat of her own. I would treat with some caution the chapter on electrical work—and that surely applies to pretty

well any one of these books. I would sooner have electrical and gas repairs done by experts: with amateur plumbing and painting the worst that can happen is a mess, but with electricity and gas you may need a coroner.

There are three useful books from W. Foulsham and Co., who have been publishing 'do-it-yourself' books on every possible subject for more than twenty years. The first one, called *Do Your Own Home Repairs at Low Cost, Save Money, Save Time*, costs 3s. 6d. Like the Penguin, it is aimed at the unskilled beginner, and it could well sit on your bookshelf alongside it, for what the Penguin leaves out, the Foulsham puts in, and vice versa. A companion to this is *Painting, Distemping, and Paperhanging for Amateurs* which, as the title implies, discusses most of the problems and techniques for both exterior and interior work. For 8s. 6d. you can get Foulsham's *Do-It-Yourself Complete Home Painter and Renovator*, which not only covers some of the ground of the other two but takes in upholstery and furniture repairs as well.

Another good book, especially if you have a visual mind that can take in pictures better than letterpress, is Odham's *The Handyman's How To Do It In Pictures* (18s.). It starts off by illustrating a full and complete list of tools and equipment and gives their uses; it pictures

several workshop layouts, and then shows methods and practice in every aspect.

—Network Three

Notes on Contributors

- C. P. FITZGERALD (page 1061): Professor of Far Eastern History, Australian National University, since 1953; author of *China—a Cultural History*, *The Empress Wu*, etc.
- T. B. L. WEBSTER (page 1069): Professor of Greek at University College, London, since 1948; author of *Greek Art and Literature*, *Studies in Menander*, *Greek Theatre Production*, *From Mycenae to Homer*, etc.
- MERVYN ELLISON (page 1071): Professor of Astronomy in the Dublin Institute for Advanced Studies; author of *The Sun and Its Influence* and (with J. H. Reid) *The Spectrum of Quiescent Prominences*
- OSBERT LANCASTER (page 1073): artist, writer, cartoonist, and designer of theatre décor; author of *Homes Sweet Homes*, *Classical Landscape with Figures*, *Private Views*, etc.
- THE REV. J. V. LANGMEAD CASSERLEY (page 1075): Professor of Dogmatic Theology in the General Theological Seminary, New York; author of *Retreat From Christianity in the Modern World*, *Graceful Reason*, *Bent World*, etc.

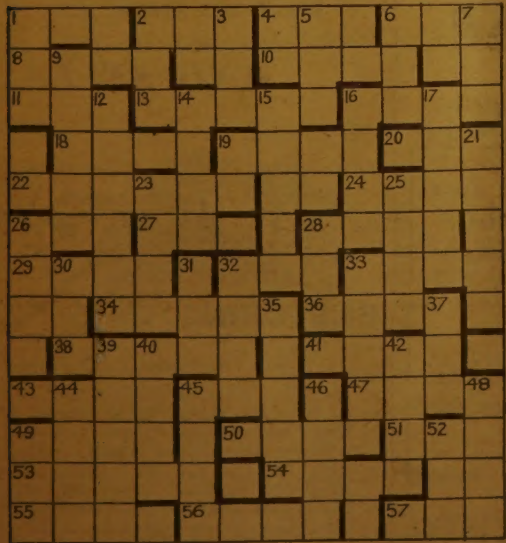
Crossword No. 1,491 A-B=X(mas) By Tyke

Prizes (for the first three correct solutions opened): book tokens, value 30s., 21s., and 12s. 6d. respectively

Closing date: first post on Thursday, January 1. Entries should be on the printed diagram and envelopes containing them should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, 35 Marylebone High Street, London, W.1, marked 'Crossword' in the left-hand top corner. In all matters connected with the crosswords the Editor's decision is final

Each clue is to be divided into two parts, leading to two words, say A and B, of the number of letters shown. The letters of the shorter word B are contained in their correct order in A. Remove them from A and put the remainder without alteration into the diagram. Thus, if the two words were MONOLITH and MOTH, the light would be ONLT or NOLI. As usual, punctuation (both in clues and, occasionally, in A or B words) is to be ignored.

When the puzzle is nearly complete, and provided solvers get a proper slant on it, a Christmas verse will be revealed, which will then enable the unclued spaces to be filled in.



CLUES—ACROSS

- 1. In a haughty manner, like Uriah Heap, for instance (7, 4)
- 2. Layer of less density (7, 4)
- 4. Foodstuffs common at this time, and they are commonly put under these! (7, 4)
- 6. Fish on the sheltered side (7, 4)
- 8. Measure the traditional Yule-tide decoration (unusual spelling) (8, 4)
- 10. Turned to the left in a Hertfordshire town (8, 4)
- 11. Toast that hides secrets (6, 3)
- 13. Reproduce concisely (9, 4)
- 16. Star-shaped picture gallery (8, 4)
- 18. Fancy skirt (7, 3)
- 19. One method of getting coal is ended (8, 4)
- 20. A favourite animal is one not easily dislodged (6, 3)
- 22. Small coins (but not from a distant country) of little or no consequence (9, 3)
- 24. Takes into the body at its lowest point (7, 3)
- 26. Serious poems are utterly false (7, 4)
- 27R. Trouble for the descendants (6, 3)
- 28. Went on a walking tour, complete with facial hair (9, 5)
- 29. Tawny brown drapery (7, 3)
- 32. Gold tooth (5, 2)
- 33. Scoundrel who brings a charge (7, 3)
- 34. Read carefully a medieval theologian (9, 4)
- 36. Riddles at the party, maybe, are mere empty talk (7, 3)
- 38. Fossilized starfishes, perhaps, suggest perfection of dress (10, 5)
- 41. Such a vulgar fellow, he drinks freely and noisily (8, 4)
- 43. Reproduces flowers akin to the campanula (10, 6)
- 45. Lamp for projecting a strongly illuminating beam at night (11, 8)
- 47. Metal used for decorating a very old room (8, 4)
- 49. A certain maiden rescued by Hercules (7, 3)
- 50. Petition for prosperity (7, 3)
- 51. So others lack the recipe for comforts for drunkards (7, 4)
- 53. With which Scots observe half-tamed animals used for hunting rabbits (7, 2)
- 54. Decoy the leading poet (with a golden pound sterling?) (8, 4)
- 55. Tropical plant yielding arrowroot for the snakes (7, 3)
- 56. Very large, partly demented human beings (7, 3)
- 57. In past times a kind of parchment for covering books (8, 5)

DOWN

- 1. Partial soles for a club-foot (7, 4)
- 2. Fine, heroic manner (heroic Frenchman in disguise) (7, 4)

- 3. Protective cover for one who has been exposed to contagion (7, 4)
- 5. Charm that protects against demons ends war (8, 5)
- 6. In favour of one who hunts birds (6, 3)
- 7. Inconstant U.S. President (familiarily) (6, 3)
- 9. Sloth and wit combined with anger make one cross (7, 2)
- 12. Wandering aimlessly in the countryside taking pictures (13, 7)
- 14. Word of opposite meaning to trouble long ago (7, 3)
- 15. Devoted to the service of the Virgin Mary, he explains history as the working out of economic conditions (11, 6)
- 16. A hunting dog makes a scratchy sound north of the Border (9, 5)
- 17. Has excessive fondness for artificial language (8, 3)
- 21. A work of art for every person (11, 6)
- 23. The honey-buzzard is a son of Uranus and Ge (8, 4)
- 25. Bring forth one well-versed in Greek language and literature (7, 3)
- 26R. Destroy the whitefish—but sell one, perhaps (7, 3)
- 28. A party for men only is money spent unprofitably (7, 4)
- 30. Given with a formal assurance of quality, workmanship, etc. (10, 7)
- 31. Feeble, without male issue (10, 7)
- 32. The ecclesiastical garment is finished (8, 4)
- 33. Only a small part for an eponymous G.B.S. character (9, 4)
- 35. Fabulous name for the sesame (8, 3)
- 37. Police descent in force on a famous Elizabethan tavern (7, 4)
- 39. Hybrid garment is an awful bore (9, 4)
- 40. Peer Gynt's mother was a skilful executant (7, 3)
- 42. Name for a small fuel-storage place (8, 4)
- 44. Very large, poetically too speedy (9, 5)
- 45R. Eric completes the education of the girl in the end (8, 4)
- 46R. What the lady puts up for sale in the jingle—yes, puts up for sale (9, 5)
- 48. Mental pictures worth only a half-penny (7, 3)
- 49R. Attempt the first half of an old Spanish dance without hesitation (7, 4)
- 52. Kind of whisky for an inferior poet (6, 3)

Solution of No. 1,489



1st prize: Abbé D. A. Delpech (Colomiers, France); 2nd prize: W. C. Tame (Hindhead); 3rd prize: R. Beetham (Harrogate)

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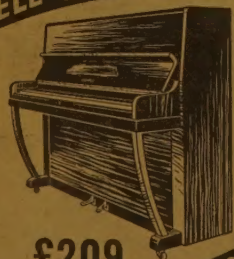
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